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The Reclamation of Wales



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The
Reclamation of Wales
A Patriotic Romance
FOUNDED ON FACTS

A SEQUEL TO
"Dear Old Wales"

BY THE
REV. IVAN MORGAN MERLINJONES, D. D.
PRESIDENT OF S. DAVID'S SOCIETY
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By Rev. I. M. Merlinjones, D. D.

Syracuse, N. Y.

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Just a Word

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The charming story, "DEAR OLD WALES," as related by Mr. Robert Jones to T. Owen Charles, Esq., the deservedly popular Editor of *The Druid*, a Welsh newspaper printed in English, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, had a strangely fascinating influence over me:—it was as if confronting a photograph of an old friend whom I had not seen for forty to fifty years, every lineament visible and well developed. Then came to my ken the son of my old friend,—the "very image of his father," and yet better developed, intellectually, financially, religiously; not better but "more good" than his father.

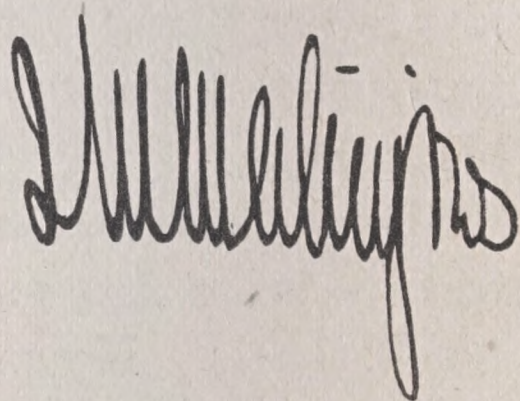
"DEAR OLD WALES" is a true story of Wales forty to fifty years ago, as the photo of my old friend is a true likeness. My mind wandered from the period of half a century ago and over to the present time with the British Nation, which is led, guided—shall I say RULED?—by a Welshman, and the following story, "THE RECLAMATION OF WALES," illustrates the great development of Wales, intellectually, religiously and, yes, politically also, as related to me by the same Mr. Robert Jones.

Wales is no longer the dumping ground for the refuse of the Saxon, nor is she the exploitation field of every religious cultism. Her instauration has been complete and she has been rehabilitated in her own ancient glory with the added lustre of modern achievement.

The sons of Gwalia, and also her beautiful daughters, are leaders everywhere, whether you look into the wealth producing mines of Pennsylvania, where the chief leaders are Welsh, or visit the palace of the English monarch, where you will find the "Chief of them all" in the Welshman whose head is singularly clear, whose heart is full of human kindness, and whose hands are ever leading from one victory to another,—the Right Honorable DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

To my fellow Countrymen in America I desire to send forth the features of YOUNG WALES, with a brief account of the wonderful palinggenesia which caused his present Perfect Manhood.

Iechyd da a bendith y nefoedd arnoch i weled gogoniant yr Hen Fam Eglwys Gymru.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'D. Lloyd George', written in a cursive style.

Church of S. John the Divine,
Syracuse, New York,
Feast of the Transfiguration,
1912.

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Cordially Dedicated
to the company of
Welshwomen and
Welshmen who met
me at Scranton on
my visit there, when
for the first time in
thirty years I heard
Welsh Songs, Welsh
Hymns, and when
I received a genuine
Welsh Welcome nev-
er to be forgotten, for
the greater glory of
our common country
Ionawr 13eg, 1912,



THE REV. IVAN MORGAN MERLINJONES, D. D.

Reclamation of Wales

CHAPTER I.

JONATHAN THOMAS REES, M. A.

The Rev. Jonathan Thomas Rees, M. A. (Oxon), the newly designated Minister of the Wesleyan Chapel, Llangwenllian, was cordially received by the villagers;—and being a “good preacher,” a grand future was prophesied for him.

Jonathan was a native of Llanfynydd, a small hamlet a few miles from Wrexham, North Wales—famous a generation ago as being the parish of the poet Estyn. Jonathan’s father was a well-to-do farmer, with an honest heart and a level head,—a Communicant of Llanfynydd parish, and a leading member of the Masonic fraternity. In course of time the famous Morgan episode of Masonic notoriety in the State of New York, United States of America, had made itself felt in the country district of Llanfynydd, and many were the discussions which young Jonathan heard at his father’s home, as an attempt had been made to organize in Wrexham, what Jonathan heard his father called, “a clandestine lodge of Masons.” Jonathan was too young to appreciate the discussion or fully comprehend the meaning of all that was going on.

But one thing he never forgot, which guided him in his theological studies in after years, and that was the sentence, “a Charter can be issued only by a body with

a lawful authority to do so."

"The work as exemplified by Dr. Dodge (the organizing deputy) is letter perfect," said Moses Jones, who had been a member of a Masonic lodge in Manlius, New York, America, but for some time unaffiliated on account of his European wanderings, who now had settled in Wrexham, and had been promised by Dr. Dodge the Worshipful Mastership of the new lodge when organized.

"But," said Jonathan's father, "that may be. A parrot may be taught the unwritten work. But Dr. Dodge has no credentials from a competent body. We have our subordinate as well as grand lodges, and no other subordinate or grand lodge may intrude into territory already lawfully occupied."

In his study of early Church history and theology the principle in the above answer of his father was ever a guide to Jonathan. The Marcian heresy of the second century was made clear as he studied the doctrines of the Church as acknowledged by those who had authority to declare with power what were the teachings of the Church from the beginning.

Jonathan's connection with the Wesleyan body was an accident, and brought about after the death of his father and mother.

When Jonathan was eight years of age his parents were passengers in a steamer which was wrecked off Anglesey, when nearly five hundred lives were lost, apparently without any warning, including the father, mother and two sisters of Jonathan.

Jonathan was taken by an uncle, his mother's brother, who lived near Eglwys fach, a stronghold of Wesleyanism. Jonathan was naturally of a quick and cheerful disposition, but the terrible death of his par-

ents and sisters left a deep impression on his mind. At the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and 'Ciety, Jonathan was recognized a fit young lad for the ministry. The loss of parents, and the parting with his living sisters and brothers, made him more reticent than ever. He sought quietness and reading, and became an apt student of rare books. The only boy within reach was four miles away, so naturally Jonathan was much in the company of his uncle and aunt, and two or three servants and laborers on his uncle's farm. His chief delight was in reading. He became an efficient leader in the Sunday-school, choir, and as time went on in the sessions of the Chapel.

His aunt was anxious that he should be a lawyer, as he was fond of arguing with his uncle and others on current topics, and generally he came out the winner, as he was more familiar with the news of the day.

But his uncle, a pious Leader—Blaenor—in the Wesleyan Chapel of Eglwsfach, was bent on making him a minister, for to his way of thinking no other calling was higher, nobler, and therefore worthier than the ministry; and the old man had hopes that some day Jonathan would become the Minister of Zion Chapel, Eglwysfach, and that the good Lord would spare his life to see and hear him as such. He was proud of Jonathan.

The uncle prevailed, and when not quite fifteen years of age Jonathan was sent to a preparatory school in Carmarthen, South Wales. This school, which affected the name of "Parkyvelvet Academy," was presided over by a gentleman, a well known scholar and teacher, the Rev. Thomas Jeremy, M. A., a minister with the Calvinistic Methodists. He charged two guineas a quarter for tuition. He was a very success-

ful teacher, and hundreds of ministers throughout Wales to-day received their preparatory instructions in this Academy.

The selection of Parkyvelvet Academy, Carmarthen, was made on account of the fact that Jonathan had an aunt living in Carmarthen,—a widow, of some means, without any children at home. And as Carmarthen had both Welsh and English Wesleyan Chapels, and as Mrs. Jenkins “belonged” to the Welsh Chapel Jonathan would find congenial environments.

Jonathan studied hard, he was as conscientious in his studies as he was in his profession of religion. He made rapid progress. During his residence in Carmarthen he came in contact with three men, who greatly influenced his life,—although from different angles.

The first was the Rev. J. Wynham Lewis (“Homo Ddu”). He was the minister of Heol y Dw'r Methodist Chapel. The Rev. William Morgan, professor in the Presbyterian College, and minister of the Union street Independent Chapel, and the Rev. Latimer Maurice Jones, Vicar of S. Peter's Church,—one of the oldest parishes and church buildings in the Principality.

The Rev. J. Wyndham Lewis was a splendid man, a large hearted, broad-minded and advanced thinker; he never felt better than when helping young men. Jonathan's aunt lived next door to him, and consequently the young student saw a great deal of Homo Ddu. He became to appreciate Homo's talent, ability and thoughtfulness, in spite of the fact that Homo Ddu was a leading preacher, yes, without a peer, in the Calvinistic Methodist denomination. Jonathan was a strict Wesleyan.

Jonathan, as has been said, was conscientious, and his very integrity made him feel that Wesleyanism was the only religion; and although the memory of his earlier days, of his father as a Churchman, of the kindness of Estyn, and especially the tender memory he had of one of Estyn's relatives and ward, softened his nature somewhat when thinking of the Established Church, and also when he would hear some of his fellow dissenters assailing her bitterly; yet he was a typical Wesleyan and a Dissenter—a great deal of the Ego, mixed with his religion—intolerant in his demand for toleration, and cocksureness about the doctrines and methods peculiar to Wesleyanism, and that everybody else was wrong.

Jonathan had passed through Parkyvelvet Academy with much credit, and entered, by the advice of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the local theological college, called the Presbyterian College, located on the terrace, overlooking the beautiful river Towy. Why it was so called I cannot say, as nothing Presbyterian was connected with it. One of the professors was a Congregational minister, while another was the famous Dr. Vance Smith, an Unitarian minister, as was also the predecessor of Dr. Vance Smith.

This college was patronized chiefly by students for the Congregational ministry; and it stood equal to Brecon College—Coleg Aberhonddu—in this respect.

At the end of the first year in College, North Wales was visited by a terrible epidemic of small pox,—y frech wen.

The epidemic attacked Jonathan's uncle and aunt, and both died within a day of each other. The farm was in a chaotic condition. A local lawyer had purchased it from the uncle a few days before he was

attacked by the frech wen. The uncle decided to retire from active work and to move to Eglwys fach village. The deed had been signed and handed over to the lawyer, and a check was made and given in exchange to the farmer. When John William Davies was taken sick the lawyer called on him with a "noted doctor from London." When the executors searched the house for the payment money, nothing was found.

The aunt with whom Jonathan stayed had been induced to place a large share of her money in a company of which Mr. John Lewis Davies, son of Thomas Lewis Davies, one of the chief members and a Blaenor in the Wesleyan Connexion, was the general manager and president. The company became involved and failed, and it took every penny that Widow Morris had to keep herself out of gaol, as she found that she was a director and personally responsible. The whilom president and general manager fled to America—to parts unknown.

Jonathan found himself stranded;—with his heart burning with Christian zeal to become a minister of the Gospel.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis called on Professor Morgan, and both made various attempts to find means of support so that Jonathan should continue his studies. They appealed to various wealthy men of both the Wesleyan and Methodist Connexions; and Prof. Morgan also had interviewed several Congregationalists, and especially Mr. David Gravel, a rich member of Penygraig Chapel, Llandefeilog Parish. Mr. Gravel was the author of several books, including a Welsh Hymn Book; he was well known for his generous support of young men, *who had no pride*. As for example: he would help no young man who combed and

parted his hair, or who had a gold or silver watch chain. And when young men would visit him with an object of assistance they were in the habit of disheveling their hair, and hiding their watch chain and would substitute a piece of string, or twine. Mr. Gravel was in a generous mood until Professor Morgan happened to mention that Jonathan was a Wesleyan student. When the good man heard that it was, "No. I cannot help the Wesleyans. They are heretics of the worst kind. They believe that once saved they may fall again. No, no. They are ranters."

There was a man in Carmarthen, who opposed Prof. Morgan more than any other in his political aspirations. The professor was quite active in the political affairs of the City. This man was the Rev. Latimer Maurice Jones, M. A., Vicar of Carmarthen, or what was equal to Carmarthen, the parish of S. Peter's. He was a fearless defender of the Faith once for all delivered to the saints, and was counted a most formidable enemy of Non-Conformity; but he had the good will and the confidence of the people, and who on more than one occasion had thwarted the schemes of Prof. Morgan and his radical Non-Conformist followers, in their aggressiveness.

In some way or another, perhaps through Mr. Wyndham Lewis, he learned of the trouble. To hear of trouble was to act with the Vicar. The Rev. Mr. Latimer Jones called on Prof. Morgan at his home, which was next door to the Union street Independent Chapel, about 8 o'clock one Monday morning. The previous week had been a busy time with both men, as general election was in its height, and both had been "speech making" for their respective candidates.

The Vicar was a Conservative, called by the opposition Tory, but he was democratic in his dealings with his fellow men:—every man was his brother. Prof. Morgan on the other hand was a Liberal in politics, but cold and distant in his bearings. When he saw the Vicar approaching his house he was ready for a “stiff fight.”

“Good morning, Professor.”

“Good morning, Mr. Jones.” (Very stiff.) “Why am I thus honored?”

“Well, Professor Morgan, don’t get excited. I am not here on political matters. I want to have a talk with you on a very important subject.”

The two entered the study.

“Prof. Morgan, I am told that you have a worthy student by the name of Rees, a nephew of Widow Morris. What kind of a young man is he?”

The Professor scented trouble and proselytism at once. The nerve of the man to come to his very house hunting for converts! He became stiffer than ever, and for a moment did not answer, as he could not control himself. And when he did answer he was perplexed what to say.

“Well, er, yes, Mr. Jones, there is such a young man, but I hardly think I could recommend him for your—”

“Ah, stop, my dear sir. I am not here to make converts, but to help. I have heard that through some misfortune both his uncle and aunt have lost everything, and that his college life is imperilled. Now what I want to know from you is, can you recommend him as a student, his mental ability, moral integrity and his desire of being somebody. I know what it is to be placed in this position. If he is worthy I want to help him.”

Prof. Morgan was more furious (internally) than ever. What! A clergyman of the despised Established Church willing to help when men of his own denomination and kindred sects refused! Jealousy, blind hatred of the Church threatened for a time to thwart this young man's career; but better judgment prevailed. Prof. Morgan had a good heart after all. He took the Vicar's hand, and with tears implored his Christian forbearance, and without hiding aught told the Vicar the emotions of the past few moments.

"Well, my friend, I have always admired the consistent stand you have taken," answered the Vicar. "I am not surprised at your feelings. I know you have hard feelings toward the Church, but we won't say anything of that now. I am here to help if I may."

The result was that between the Vicar and the Professor adequate means were provided for the support of Jonathan for the next three or four years; or longer, said the Vicar, "if he will enter Oxford or Cambridge."

Jonathan continued three years longer in Carmarthen, and urged by Prof. Morgan, by request of the Vicar, he entered Jesus College, Oxford University, and remained there four years. He was twenty-six years of age when he left Oxford, and soon he was "ordained" a minister, and his second charge was Horeb Chapel, Llangwenllian.

HEB DDUW HEB DDIGON.



CHAPTER II.

THE REV. EVAN DAVIES MORGAN, B. D., M. A.

This was about six months after the opening of the new Chapel at Llangwenllian. The Rev. Mr. Rogers was offered the presidency of the Wesleyan College, Ohio, America, and he accepted. In fact Jonathan was called to Horeb in consequence of his sermon at the dedication of the Chapel.

Brilliant, eloquent, and greatly endowed with the Welsh poetic afflatus, and the "hwyl,"—his fame as a preacher spread around like a "prairie fire." His heart was full of love for Wesleyanism; and he yearned to save men so as to make them members of the Wesleyan Connexion.

Soon, the large new building became almost inadequate to hold the congregation, as people came in droves every Sunday from Ruthin, Llanfair, and surrounding parishes to hear him. He had talent, he had intellect, but many would go away disappointed. Why, they did not know, but there was something wanting. There seems to be too much Jonathan and too little of the simplicity of the story of the Babe born in Bethlehem;—a great brilliant survey of something, but not of the way of the Cross. What a contrast between the 20 x 20 feet building in which the great Aubrey preached, and the magnificent new building in more sense than one.

The unfortunate Rector, Rev. Cecil Sparrow, was overwhelmed. His dear, non-Welsh soul was burning within him. Now his never failing helper, Mrs. Armstrong, was no more; yea, and even the owner of the

parish, in whose possession was the gift of the living, was a Dissenter; kind, he and his wife, yet Dissenters, and more or less with Dissenters' hatred for the Church! He rapidly declined. His health became impaired and at last he resigned the living, and he entered the Monastery of S. John the Evangelist of Cowley,—there to spend his time in prayer and meditation. He gradually regained his health; he went to India as the representative of the Cowley Fathers. He was successful in converting many, and his splendid intellect was a great help to grasp and comprehend the needs and feelings of the Hindus. He also translated the four Gospels. He died in India after twelve years of hard and helpful work,—full of years, and better for his experience, no doubt, with the peculiar conditions at Llangwenllian which he did not understand nor endeavored to understand.

The parish was vacant. The living is in the gift of Rowland Williams, a Non-Conformist; and though he and his wife are kind and fair, yet he had been taught from his youth that the Church was the natural enemy of Freedom, Liberty, which is dear to the heart of every Welshman.

'Squire Williams and his good lady were perplexed. They would consult the new minister. At first the minister was inclined to advise them to close up the parish Church, as one church was enough for the place; and as Horeb was so well attended, he never thought for a moment that Horeb and not S. Gwenllian Church was the one to be closed. But on consultation with Lawyer Jones, of Dolgelly, it was found that this could not be accomplished under the law, however much the lawyer and the Wesleyan landlord would so wish.

"I know two clergymen of the Establishment whom I greatly honor,—the poet Estyn, of Llanfynydd, and the Rev. Latimer M. Jones, of Carmarthen. Suppose we write to one of these asking him to recommend a rector?" This was agreed upon.

The Rev. Mr. Jones strongly recommended the Rev. Evan Davies Morgan, M. A., B. D., a native of Carmarthen, a graduate of S. David's Theological College, Lampeter, South Wales, and for the past eight years curate of Llawdden, at Wrexham, whom both Jonathan and the 'Squire slightly knew, at least by reputation. Mr. Morgan had married the eldest daughter of the poet Estyn.

'Squire Williams wrote to the Bishop asking his Lordship if Mr. Morgan would be acceptable to him and if not, asking the Bishop to name a Rector. The Bishop immediately approved the nomination, and paid a personal visit to the 'Squire, thanking him for his courtesy in nominating Mr. Morgan. To the 'Squire's great surprise the Bishop was a Welshman, and could speak and preach in Welsh.

The Sunday on which Mr. Morgan was instituted the Bishop attended in person, and was the guest at the Hall. The Bishop and the 'Squire and his lady were becoming great friends.

An instance took place which was much in contrast with the last visit of a Bishop to Llangwenllian.

'Squire Williams talked the matter over with Jonathan about the propriety of closing the Chapel when the new Rector would be instituted. He and Jonathan visited every member of the Chapel and placed the matter before each.

Sally Williams, who was now very infirmed, at first demurred. She said she would rather worship God in

the chapel where she could understand the prayers and the sermon, than to sit listening to something in English which she would not understand.

"But, Sally," said Mr. Rees, "this will be in Welsh, and the Bishop of St. Asaph is going to preach in Welsh. And the great Estyn and Llawdden will also be present and will preach in Welsh."

"Gogoniant," said Sally, "Gogoniant i'r Arglwydd. Allelwia. My prayers have been answered. The God of our fathers have looked upon me in mercy. The hated Saxon will no longer dominate over us, and the English language will no longer fall on unwilling ears. Yes, yes, have it as you say. Mae'r hen Eglwys yu anwyl i mi'r trwy'r cyfan."

The minister and the 'Squire were astonished at her eloquence. But the truth is there is an innate love for the Church in every Welshman's heart, when the Church is true to her Welsh tongue.

They went from house to house, and the objection of Sally was offered, and the frank acceptance of Sally's was given when each would hear the services were to be in Welsh.

"Y gweddiau yn Nghymreig, a'r pregethu yn Nghymreig. Clodforwch yr Arglwydd. Y canu hefyd yn Nghymreig."

DUW A DIGON.



CHAPTER III.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE RECTOR.

When the Institution Sunday came there was an array of noted persons,—the Lord Bishop of S. Asaph, the poet-priest Estyn, Llanfynydd, Flintshire, the poet-priest Llawdden, of Wrexham, Denbighshire, the Rev. Latimer M. Jones, Carmarthen, South Wales, and various other noted men and women.

The large parish Church was crowded. It seems that every villager was present, and “hundreds” of others from the surrounding parishes,—from Ruthin, from Llangollen, and even from Wrexham and Dolgelly,—and from everywhere:—even the noted Non-Conformist Lawyer Jones was there.

What a contrast between this visit of a Bishop and the last when Mrs. Armstrong’s brother was there! And all because this Bishop and these priests were Welshmen, and masters of the Mother tongue. Wales is waking to the fact, and the Church especially, that the Welsh tongue is powerful,—all powerful.

Ben the Bard was there in all his glory. The old trousers of Barnes had been discarded, he had one more to his own size. Ben looks now as he did when I was a lad at home thirty years ago. He had been busy during the week,—and more than once he had been to Ruthin, getting inspiration, as no longer could he liquidate at Barnes’ Red Lion. He was proud of his new composition for the occasion, and would go from one to the other of those whom he would meet and repeat about the services and that they were to be in Welsh, and would say:

O Arglwydd! Diolch am y dydd,
Pan fo'r Hen Eglwys Lan yn rhydd.
A'r holl weddiau, cred a'r canu,
A'r pregethu'n iaith hen Gymru.

Sunday morning at 7 o'clock the service began with the Holy Communion; the sermon was preached by Llawdden.

Most of the members of the Chapel were present at this service. They were not quite sure how things would turn out. As a compliment to their own minister and to 'Squire Williams they would attend once; and this early service was most likely to be the least attended and noticeable; they were a bit afraid.

It was a Low Celebration; but hymns were sung. The Welsh must sing. The first hymn was:

“Marchog, Iesu, yn llwyddiannus,
Gwisg Dy gleddyf ar Dy glun;
Ni all daear Dy wrthsefyll,
Chwaith nac uffern fawr ei hun:
Mae Dy enw mor ardderchog,
Pob rhyw elyn gilia draw;
Mae Dy arswyd trwy'r greadigaeth
Pan y byddost Ti ger llaw.”

There was no organ, and the “barrel” had not the “tune.” So the leader, a nephew of old Azaraiah Watkins, and a fine baritone, took out of his pocket a tuning fork, and hitting it against his knee, putting it to his ear, gave the note,

Do, Me, So, Doh,

and then the whole congregation took up the hymn. The Chapel people were at first inclined to be silent;

but before the second line was reached one tongue after another was loosened; and such a singing! Oh, the old Welsh words echoed and re-echoed through the building, as if it were thirsting for Welsh melody, like parched earth swallows water. From wall to wall and among the great high rafters were the notes flying as if accompanying Angels on their journeys of mercy. Verse after verse from Evan Daniel's Hymn book was sung, and the last stanza was sung three times over.

Then a hush through the vast building, as if all expected something great to happen. The Rev. Evan D. Morgan, the new Rector, recited in low tone the Lord's Prayer, and there was a rushing sound as if the Holy Ghost was descending as on the day of Pentecost, when in solemn deep, clear tone he proceeded with the Collect and the recital of the Ten Commandments; and the responses of the congregation, no longer the solitary voice of poor Azaraiah, were clear and thrilling as they said:

"Arglwydd, trugarha wrthym, a gostwng ein calonau i gadw'r gyfraith hon."

And the sermon, all in Welsh, with the exception of the text, which was read both in Welsh and English:

S. Luc. xxii, 11. "Adywedwch wrth wr y ty, y mae yr Athraw yn dywedyd wrthyf, Pa le y mae y letty; lle y gallaf fwyta y pasg gyda'm disgiblion?"

The sermon was strong. He said that the Master sends to-day to ask each person where "is the guest chamber" with him in his heart, individually, personally, so that He may come with His disciples to feast in the heart.

The sermon was commenced in a low tone, and perfect silence was maintained, but as the preacher warmed up to his subject, so did also the congregation,

and before long a good Wesleyan brother could contain himself no longer, but out with a loud Amen, and "Diolch Iddo," from the bottom of his heart. This was followed by others, and others, and the preacher was getting more and more into the "hwyl" until he finished in a grand peroration, portraying the Christ coming to His children in the great Supper of the Lamb. It was a glorious sermon:—something never heard by any present in the parish Church before. There was a metamorphosis. The building was changed. It was no longer the cold, forbidden building of an alien parish Church; but it has become the warm home of God's children,—beautiful in its appointments with the mellow light penetrating through its beautiful stained glass windows.

The sermon was over, then the offertory, the prayers and the Canon. More than three hundred received;—more at this one service than for the past ten years put together, it seems.

At 9:30 o'clock Mattins was sung, and at 10:15 the Holy Communion was again celebrated, when the Bishop of S. Asaph pontificated and the Bishop of Bangor preached.

The Chapel members had forgotten all about their purpose of coming "to just one service," and that the early one at 7 o'clock, so as not to be too conspicuous, for every one of them was there again, and they felt quite "at home." Sally Williams was there in her wheel chair, as she was too old and feeble to walk. And old Betty had an extra ribbon around her neck. Betty kept up with the style as well as with the gossip. Thomas Jones, y shop, and Morgan, y crydd, both old and well stricken in years, and all the other well known

village characters were there, and all others it seemed of people known and unknown to Llangwenllian.

When the Church was built in the early centuries of Christianity Llangwenllian was an important military post, which on account of its strategic location commanded a splendid defence of the surrounding country. It was boasted by the people of the place that "a whole regiment might be marched into the church, and you could hardly see that they were there," so large was the building. But at this service the building was literally "full." What an inspiration for the preacher!

For this service the Rev. John Howell, of Ruthin, had brought thirty-five members of his famous Boys' Choir. This was supplemented with as many of the local singers as possible, who had been in training under the leadership of young Azariah Watkins. The Vestry room was too small to accommodate the clergy and the choir for the day, so two tents had been erected during the week, one for the choir and the other and larger for food.

At the appointed time the Bishops, clergy and choir, silently proceeded to their seats in the chancel, and quietly knelt for private devotion. It was a High Celebration. The hymn given out was

"O frynian Caersalem ceir gweled
Holl daith yr anialwch i gyd;
Pryd hyn y daw troion yr yrfa
Yn felus i lanw ein bryd;
Cawn edrych ar stormydd, ac ofnau,
Ac angeu dychrynlyd, a'r bedd,
A ninnau'n ddiangol o'u cyrhaedd,
Yn nofio mewn cariad a hedd."

A procession was formed, somewhat as follows, to the best of my recollection:—1. The Verger, in his gown, holding the wand, whence he has the name, to make way for the Procession; 2. The Clerk, carrying the cross; 3. Two Banner bearers, carrying two huge Banners of ecclesiastic design; 4. The Two Taperers, carrying candles and walking side by side; 5. Thuri-fer; 6. The Sub-Deacon; 7. The Book Boy; 8. The Parish Priest in a cope; 9. The Rulers of the Choir, in copes; 10. The Boys of the Choir in short surplices; 11. The Men of the Choir; 12. The Clergy in their hoods and Tippetts, those of higher rank walking behind those of lower, and 13. The Bishops of Bangor and S. Asaph, with mitres and staffs, and two Chaplains each.

The scene was impressive. The Cross had not been used for nearly a century, but for to-day it had been cleaned, polished,—the chaste brass was shining as a glory of the Lord. This is Ritualism, but the Welsh are the most ritualistic people on earth. Those who have ever attended the National Eisteddfod will readily admit this. In fact the British Church was the Ritualistic Church of Christendom par excellence.

The procession marched down to the west through the north aisle, and back again to the east through the second north aisle, then to the south aisle to the west across to the centre aisle, and thence to the east, singing the following hymns, and making the required stations:

“O Arglwydd! cyfod i Dy lys,
A'th arch o rymus fawredd;
D' offeiriaid gwisgent gyfiawn fRAINT,
'R un modd Dy saint wirionedd,” etc.

“Rhagom, filwyr Iesu!
 Awn i'r gad yn hyf!
 Gwelwn groes ein Prynwr—
 Hon yw'n cymmorth cryf;
 Crist, frenhinol Arglwydd,
 Yw'n Harweinydd mad;
 Chwyfio mae Ei faner,
 Geilw ni i'r gad,” etc.

“O! Agor fy llygaid i weled
 Dirgelwch Dy arfaeth a'th air;
 Mae'n well i mi gyfraith Dy enau
 Na miloedd o arian ac aur;
 Y ddaear a'n dan, a'i thrysorau,
 Ond geiriau fy Nuw fydd yr un;
 Y bywyd tragwyddol yw 'nabod,
 Fy Mhrynwr yn Dduw ac yn ddyn,” etc.

The procession appeared like an army of the Lord. It was a glorious sight. Men and women in the congregation joining the choir in singing, and men and women weeping and crying for very joy. It was a sight to remember. God was there, as His host was marching in His Name. The Holy Ghost was touching their hearts. Jesus was there, for He promised that where two or three were gathered together in His name that there He would be. When the Sanctuary was reached a cloud of incense ascended as bearing the prayers of the congregation of saints, and a sweet smelling odor permeated the building. It was too much for Sally, for Betty, for even old Ben the Bard, for Sally was heard to say, “O God, this must be heaven.” Betty said and cried, “O God, thank Thee for this sight, and oh! Sally, what must be the sight over there!” And Ben said:

“Arglwydd, da imi fod yma,
Mae fy nghalon i yn llawn;
Diolch am y fendith yma
I gael golwg ar y lawn;
Mi glodforwn yn yr Eglwys,
O foreuddydd i'r prydawn.”

At three o'clock another service was held. The Rev. Gwilym Goch, of Rhosllanerchrugog, preached, followed by another sermon by the Rev. Latimer Maurice Jones.

At six o'clock the regular Evening prayer was sung. The Bishop of S. Asaph, the Bishop of Bangor and Estyn preached. It was past ten o'clock when the congregation sang:

“Dan Dy fendith, wrth ymadael,
Y dymunem, Arglwydd! fod;
Llanw 'n calon a Dy gariad,
A'n geneuau a Dy glod:
Dy dangnefedd
Dyro ini yn barhaus.”

Such was the day. Such was the beginning of the rectorship of the Rev. Evan Davies Morgan, M. A., B. D.

Three persons were wonderfully touched,—the minister of the Wesleyan Chapel, Rowland Williams, and Gladys his wife.

Y DDRAIG GOCH A BDYRY GYCHWYN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECEPTION. HISTORY OF LLANGWENLLIAN.

The Rev. Jonathan Rees was touched in two ways. First, let us give him due credit; he was immensely touched by the splendor and heartiness of the services,—a revelation to him; and secondly he was also touched by Cupid's dart. This little fellow goes to the most unexpected places and does his work effectively anywhere and everywhere. We must not be too harsh on Jonathan for yielding to the charm of Cupid's thrust. He had met after years of separation the friend of his youthful imagination, Edith Gwen Lloyd, the youngest and most beautiful daughter of the Rector of Hope near Llanfynydd; and a ward of Estyn.

When a young boy he had known Gwen, and many a time he had admired the little cherub of three or four years his junior; and now he had met her and was again near her; and not without a feeling on her part. For she in truth also had thought a great deal of Jonathan when a tiny little girl, and had kept in touch with his history more or less.

Jonathan had been cordially received by the Bishops and visiting clergy. They were not at all the haughty exclusive monacles that they had been represented to be. The rector had also spoken well of Jonathan. At dinner and supper, served in the tent, he had been made, with simple hospitality, to feel "at home." He had been invited to "robe" and join in the procession, which he did after a great deal of mental perturbation.

And he had actually met and talked with Gwenie Lloyd, now a young, beautiful lady. And he could

see she respected him. There was no patronizing air on her part, she was a lady trained and to the manor born.

She was also a great singer, and quite noted as such. And although she was not in the choir, yet he had heard her voice in the congregation as he passed through the centre aisle.

Jonathan Thomas Rees, minister of Horeb, Wesleyan Chapel, was in love with Edith Gwen Lloyd, a friend of the wife of the new Rector of Llangwenllian; and she was a High Churchwoman, a Ritualist,—a Catholic!

For days nothing else was heard of in Llangwenllian but the wonderful services, singing (and without an organ) preaching in the parish Church; and all in Welsh! Bendigedig! “Diolch Iddo byth am gofio l’wch y llawr.”

The Master and Mistress of the Hall were also wonderfully touched; and there was no sleep for them that night. Both thought of the time when the first service was held in the little Chapel, and then thought of the services of the day, an incredible development!

They were more than kind, and their hospitality was boundless, as it was sincere.

They insisted that their Lordships, and all the clergy should stay at the Hall, together with their wives and daughters.

All accepted with the exception of Estyn, as he desired to be with his daughter and son in law, now separated further from him than when at Wrexham. Being well along in years he wanted to spend as much time near them as he could. But he was made to promise that he and they would honor the Hall with their presence the following day.

The following day an impromptu reception was given the Bishops and other clergy. Messengers had been despatched to the villagers and tenants, and all within reach. And at mid-night Ben the Bard was sent to Ruthin with a reliable servant from the Hall to get all they could there necessary for the reception.

Suitable arrangements were made with the landlord of the Royal Oak Hotel, and he engaged waiters, servers and edibles. That afternoon carriages, wagons, etc., brought the necessary things to the Hall.

First, a dinner was given to all at five o'clock. Word had been sent that the afternoon was a general holiday with full pay.

And the dinner! A right typical Welsh dinner. At five o'clock Rowland Williams was heard to say:—

“Bydded distawrwydd, mae'r Arglwydd Esgob yn gofyn gras!”

There was a silence and his Lordship of S. Asaph in the beautiful mother tongue asked God of our forefathers to bless the food for our bodies, and our bodies for His glory, and after the Amen, the whole company sang, for Welshmen cannot eat without singing, it whets their appetites:

“ITi, y Tad, y Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glan;
Y Tri yn Un! y rhoddwn fawl ar gan,
Am roddion rhad Dy ddoeth ragluniaeth fawr,
A doniau 'th ras, i ni euogion llawr.”

Wonders seem never to cease. The 'Squire and his lady were astonished the night before when the Bishop asked permission to have family prayers before retiring. They had an idea, in common with nearly all Dissenters, that Churchmen only prayed in the

Church from a book. They never thought that Churchmen, and especially the higher class of Churchmen, cared about private and family prayers, or about personal religion. They thought that was only for the Wesleyans, and a few others of the Dissenting denominations.

And again in the morning, family prayers, with a direct, brief, helpful and inspiring exhortation. It was a new revelation. Is this after all the "despised Church," and are these a sample of the despised Churchmen?

And to hear Grace said by a Bishop of the Church in WELSH! Mae calonau Rowland a Gladys yn cynhesu.

The dinner proceeded amidst joy and mirth. Every one had forgotten to be stupid and stiff, each felt at home. Even they could breathe and converse with the Bishops and yet live!

When Englishmen come together, if they do anything outside of eating, they discuss heavy politics which they understand nothing of.

But when Welshmen meet they have to sing, recite and barddonu. And at this dinner the inevitable took place. The first symptom was visible when some one said, "Let us sing Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." And sung it was. Then the Awen was beyond control. Estyn was called for and he recited impromptu englynion, and Llawdden recited the "Dream of the Cymro." Betty whispered across the table to Ben the Bard, "Now, Ben, this is thy chance." But the only answer Ben gave was a smile, and, "Nis gallaf. Mae meistri yma heno." Tears were running down his old rugged cheeks. His heart was touched, which with all his

peculiarities, had the true "Awen." But the delight of all was a long poem, but not too long, by Azaraiah William Watkins, "Yn mesurau caeth." No one had suspected that young Azaraiah aspired for the crown of Ben, as the Village Bard, but he won it and by common consent Ben abdicated the throne, and from henceforth the fine baritone singer became the recognized Bard of the district.

Then Miss Lloyd sang a composition of Estyn, set to music by herself. It was a love ditty of a maiden fair, who had met her lover, but he knew not of it, and he also loved her but knew not that she felt; how they parted, and how through years each thought of the other, and thought that the other thought not; how they met again, and how each learnt that the other loved, and the happy conclusion in union of hands and hearts.

Was Estyn a prophet, or is it a common occurrence? Was this to be true again?

Her usual brilliant voice was more brilliant than ever. Pathos and passion, and hope and fear were in her voice. And one at least, felt as she felt. The Rev. Jonathan Thomas Rees, minister of the Wesleyan Chapel, felt the glame. And he also felt that after all there was an impassable gulf between them. She was a clergyman's daughter, a child of a priest of the Holy Catholic Church of the country, and he was a Heretic. He felt it keenly. No one told him so, for if any had told him that he was a heretic he would resent it most vigorously, and would boast of it that he was a DISSENTER, a noble defender of Freedom, and was not a servile slave of the Establishment. But he felt it; he knew it, yea, he confessed it to himself that he was a Heretic.

The Bishop of St. Asaph gave a concise history of Llangwenllian, which was very interesting, and a revelation to many of the villagers and others, who had been born and raised there, and even to the 'Squire. His Lordship traced the history of the parish from the third Century before Christ, which then was called Cadair Goleu, as on account of its peculiar geographical conditions the old Druids had an idea that Light was cradled here. Then as a Christian community he traced its history to the second century, A. D., and explained why the name had been changed from Cadair Goleu (Chair of Light) to Llangwenllian. How Gwenllian, the daughter of a Welsh Prince, was converted, and how she suffered martyrdom rather than yield to the pagan King to marry him. Then the place was called The Church of S. Gwenllian, and was built over her grave. How for 1,600 years the people had been faithful to the Mother Church. And although he alluded to the building of the Wesleyan Chapel, there was not an unkind word said. Some of the Chapel people wished he had said something harsh or cross, so as to give them a chance to fight; but no, it was all in sympathetic chord. He even alluded to the patent fact that English priests, noble men many of them, were placed in charge of Welsh parishes, where neither the people nor the priest could understand the other, on account of their different languages. He deplored this as much as any of them, and promised that no such appointment would be made by him; but there was not a word of rebuke; all was love, compassion, tenderness as a loving father speaking to his own children. Eyes were wet, for many a heart was overflowing. The Master and Mistress were shedding tears; and their friends Taliesin, and Howell Jones,

who were visiting them from America, were also visibly touched.

Thomas Jones, old and bent, drew from his pocket a curious shaped box, about a foot long by half that wide and about half an inch deep. He said that his father gave him the box a little while before he died, with the injunction that whenever a Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church of Wales should officiate in Llangwenllian Church, and say Mass in Welsh, he was to deliver the box to him in the presence of the Master of the Hall. His father it was stated received this box from his father with the same words of command. It was to be opened in the presence of the Bishop, Chancellor of the Diocese, and the Master of the Hall, and any others whom these desired. The direction was written, or rather engraved on the box, in Welsh, Saxon and Greek.

Carriages, wagons and all kinds of conveyances carried the people two miles to the village. And as they reached the village they all as with one impulse turned their steps towards the parish Church, and knelt in front of it, and old Thomas Jones thanked the Lord that he had fulfilled his trust, and Sally and Betty prayed loud and strong, and the voice of the Wesleyan minister was heard praying and thanking God for the experience of the past two days. Undoubtedly Jonathan's vision of the Church was accentuated by a vision also of Edith Lloyd, but who can blame him? Not I!

YN NGOLWC HAUL LLYGAD GOLEUNI.

CHAPTER V.

DEWI SANT AND LLANGWENLLIAN.

Llangwenllian had never seen such a feast since the day of the Great Cymanfa, some fourteen hundred years before, when the Archbishop of Caer-lleon-on-Usk, Saint David himself, visited the parish.

It was when Morgan's doctrine, known in Church history as Pelagianism, made a terrible onslaught in the parish, and when many adherents to this peculiar doctrine of original sin were found in this part of Wales. Pelagius was a Welshman, and was born in or near Cadair Goleu. He was an eloquent speaker in the mother tongue. While many of the opponents would speak in Greek or Latin, Morgan would burst forth in eloquent Welsh. Although he had died nearly a century before, yet his influence was still felt, and now a new effort was made to spread the heresy through Wales by a determined school of higher critics, who desired to harmonize the Bible and the teachings of the Church with scientific discoveries and latest philosophy. A great meeting, called by the Welsh, Cymanfa, was to be held at Cadair Goleu, or as it has been called for some time, Llangwenllian. People for miles and miles were invited to hear some of the brightest apostles of Pelagianism, and a mighty concourse there was,—the number having been estimated by Giradldus and others as from twelve to fifteen thousand people. No building was large enough to hold them, so an open air meeting was held, the platform on which stood the speakers was erected

against the south side of the building, and seats were provided for the people. The one hundred and twenty second Psalm was sung. Welshmen always sing. Several harps accompanied the voices. One of the most eminent disciples of Morgan was to speak.

He spoke eloquently of the life and spotless character of Morgan; how he was born near the present location, how Welshmen must be proud of this great Welshman,—perhaps the greatest Welshman since the death of the first Bishop of Rome, Llinus, who was a Welshman. And then he drifted from this appeal to the patriotic feeling of the audience to the pure teachings of Morgan, and eloquently set forth the peculiar views of the great Welsh divine and philosopher. He spoke for two hours and twenty-five minutes. When he was through the people were visibly affected, many were ready to embrace the new heresy. When he saw the effect of his speaking the orator asked if there were any among the hearers who desired to speak or ask any questions. His idea was that some of the converts would come forward and confess the new faith openly so that others would be encouraged to do the same.

A heavy built man of aristocratic bearing, straight, with long sandy—some say red—beard arose. Though a stranger at first to most of the people they could see he was a man of marked personality. To the platform he made his way. The people were impatient,—half converted by the eloquent Morganite. Who was this stranger?—a Saxon most likely, or some foreigner who would speak against their fair Morgan, most likely in Greek or Latin. He was introduced as Dewi, the grandson of Ceredig. And hark! he speaks. A hush is over the vast assemblage. His words are clear, his voice is like a silver bell, and he speaks not as a for-

eigner, but as a Welshman, and in Welsh. The words go forth through the audience: "Dyma Dewi, y Tywysog," from mouth to mouth. ("This is David the Prince.")

He commenced in a low tone of voice, but every word is clear to the utmost listener.

"Mae yn dda genyf i gael y fraint yma i lefaru, yn enwedig yn mhresenoldeb y gwr mawr a lefarodd, ac o flaen cynnifer o'm cydwladwyr serchus."

And on he spoke, an hour passed, two hours passed, three hours passed, and the vast audience was spell-bound: even Sylvanus' eyes were riveted on Dewi, and often tears were seen in his opponent's eyes as he listened to a voice more like that of an angel than man, defending the Catholic Faith—that "Faith delivered once for all to the saints." Four hours passed, and then came the peroration, sung in sweetest cadences, possible only among the Welsh people,—terrible in their earnestness, carrying conviction from heart to heart that THE FAITH should be contended for as the Apostle says.

The vast multitude stood as one man, and Sylvanus among them, as Dewi said, "Cymry anwyl, sefwch wrth yr hen Ffydd ein Tadau, y gwirionedd mawrion cred Nisaiaidd, yr hon yn awr mu ganwn." And then with one voice on one note the old Nicene Creed was sung, with thundering noise as of the rushing of many mighty waters. "I believe in One God," etc. One cheer after another ascended to heaven, ten thousand times ten thousand "Gogoniantau" ascended to the throne of God. And the vast multitude proclaimed Dewi to be the Metropolitan Archbishop of Wales.

Pelagianism was vanquished, and was blotted out forever from the Welsh Church, and Sylvanus him-

self was converted to the true faith and labored long and successful among the Welsh people.

Such a scene as the Institution of the new Rector had never been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant, as says 'Thomas y Ty Isa', now ninety-nine years, ten months and twenty-eight days!

The news spread far and wide, and many letters and messages were received by the Leaders of the Wesleyan Chapel from leading Dissenters asking for particulars. Some very frigid letters criticising the members and pastor for so mingling with the "beast" of the Establishment.

Dissenters are great advocates of freedom and liberty,—when it is on their side, but many of them cannot see Liberty for others who are opposed to their opinions. They howl against the Church because she will not unite with them, and when they have an opportunity to unite with the Church on fair and square basis, they refuse and persecute any who will dare to show the spirit of harmony.

The Rev. Mr. Aubrey was dead, the present leaders lacked the great spirit and heart of Aubrey. Sharp were the questions, and bitter were the denunciations of many of the leaders because the minister and the members of the Wesleyan Chapel, Llangwenllian, united in worship with the Churchmen of the village when the Rector was instituted. "What, join with the beast! Beyond comprehension."

CREDAF YN YR EGLWYS LAN GATHOLIG.



CHAPTER VI.

JONATHAN PROPOSES—THE BARRIER.

In the meantime the Minister of the Wesleyan Chapel and the new Rector were frequently seen together, and often would Jonathan be seen going to or coming from the rectory; and some good people used to smile and say, "Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren to dwell together in unity."

But perhaps, Jonathan's visits were not entirely prompted by "Clerical amenity," for they say, as Betty says to Sally, "they say" he was often seen in the company of Miss Edith, a relative of Mrs. Morgan, who was paying a protracted visit to her friend and relative. Yes they were often together, and old Betty ventured once to add when telling Sally, "What a nice pair they would be." Evidently both were happy,—I mean Jonathan and Edith. Both were good musicians, both were scholars, and undoubtedly there was much in speculative philosophy and metaphysics for them to discuss, yet it is a venture: they had no time for any such trivial things as they were too busy doing something else,—as everybody's doing it. Just the same as you and I when we were their age, and—

Rees was a cautious wooer, yet he pressed his suit tolerably well. Week after week he had been on the verge of declaring his love, but his courage would fail him, and his memory would desert him as he was about to recall the words of an elaborate proposition he had so carefully studied for Edith Lloyd's special benefit. He was afraid to hear that miserable, mean, death blow little word, "No."

He felt there was a barrier between them. She was a noble soul, true as steel, faithful as the magnet, with her brightest ideal in the loyalty which is due Christ from each person. She had said nothing "against" the Wesleyans, but she had said many things about and for the Church. She was frank with him, he knew he was a welcome visitor, and yet he felt he was a Heretic and could not be acceptable to this sweet daughter of the Church.

Did she call him a heretic? Oh, No. She respected his calling as a religious teacher. Had she found fault with people for not attending the parish Church? Oh, No, she was interested in all his undertakings for the uplifting of his people. Yet he felt the gulf was impassable.

Their IDEALS were not the same,—their aspirations were. His ideal was to see the people of Wales, free, happy, independent. Her ideal was to see the people of Wales governed by the King of heaven, happy in His service, free in His love, independent under His yoke. He had a vision of the Perfected Civil Welsh Nation. She had a vision of the WELSH NATION UNITED AND PERFECTED IN THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

Jonathan was getting braver every day, until he would see her; but daily struggles will bring their own reward at last. One day he determined to know his fate, and like a gallant soldier facing the cannon he was determined to charge, not here the enemy, but something harder to face than the enemy. He thought out a fine speech, with similes and figures of speech that would surely win her consent.

To the rectory over the familiar path he went, getting fainter and fainter, and more determined at every

step. She was in the garden tending some new roses. He knew where to find her, and it did not take him long to do so.

She met him with a smile. She was bewitchingly charming to-day. His speech had flown away again, he could not catch the opening words; his tongue was fairly glued to the roof of his mouth; but with a mighty effort he began to tell her of his love for her since they were little children together at Llanfynydd, and once on his theme he poured out his heart in strains of eloquence which he never thought of in his well prepared speeches. Each word came from the very core of his being.

She was overwhelmed. There was no doubt of her love. Her eyes, her face, her breathing, told that too plainly.

She was sorely tempted. Her whole nature was aflame. She loved him as only a true woman can love. Yet she loved one yet better. No human being but her Saviour, the Head of the Church,—the One who had come to this earth to live, to suffer, to die, in order to purchase the Church, which He did with His own Blood!

But before her was the lover of her girlhood, her ideal for years, and now in his very prime of manhood pleading for her heart and hand. The former he had already, but her hand how could she give it and be loyal to her Church? Ah, she thought of the sad story of Gwenllian, and was it not better to suffer death and be a witness for the Church, than to yield to personal likes and be among the absent witnesses?

Tempted to the extreme, and in her weakness the Holy Spirit came to her and whispered Peace, and gave her help and courage, as the angel did with the

Master in the Garden of bitter Agony. She had conquered. Gwenllian and other martyrs had given their lives for the Church, and she would give her love to the Church, and yield her heart on the altar of sacrifice with her happiness as the fire to burn it; and was not that indeed, yielding her life to the Church, in a more glorious way than death?

She spoke. She frankly told him that she loved him. She was not ashamed to love such a noble character; and she frankly told him that although her love for him was great, yet her loyalty to her Saviour and His Holy Church was stronger, and that loyalty to the old, Holy, Catholic Church of her forefathers forbade her to become his wife.

He knew it. He had known it all the time. Did not his own heart even whisper to him that the gulf was impassable,—that she was a true, loyal member of the Holy Catholic Church of Britain, and that he was a minister of a system which would ruin the Church if it were but possible?

TI O DDUW A FOLIANWN.



CHAPTER VII.

JONATHAN PERPLEXED—ROBERT JONES' MASONIC EXPERIENCE.

How to win Edith? was the question pressed upon the heart and head of Jonathan constantly, and as often as the question would be asked his subconscious self would answer Impossible, with this gulf between.

Jonathan was a man of action, because he was a man of stern convictions. He had been ordained a minister of the Wesleyan Connexion. Was he not taught from his younger days to hate the Established Church? Was the Church not an enemy of his country, a destroyer of her beautiful language? Was the Church not a place indeed for the rich man's sons to get a living? Was he not taught that it was a virtue to fight this alien Church? And in fact is it not conceded BY ALL that love of country, God and man, was only to be found among the Dissenters? And again he would ask himself, Was he not an ordained Minister of the Wesleyans, which alone of all the denominations possessed all the grace and faith?

And yet at the same time a vision of his sainted father would come before him, with his loving mother in the old parish Church of Llanfynydd,—themselves faithful members of this despised, religionless Church. And he could hear his father's words concerning clandestine lodges of Masons: "A Charter can only be issued by a competent body,—one having authority to do so." "But Dr. Dodge has no credentials from a competent body." And was Masonry more exacting than the Church of the Living God?

These words had helped him before in his reception of the Canonical books of the Bible. The only authentic Witness to the Bible is the Church. When the many books were proposed as Canonical the CHURCH declared which books were to be received, and what books were to be rejected. Concerning the disputed doctrines of the Christian Faith, as the Divinity of our blessed Lord, the question was decided by authority of the CHURCH, and not by individuals, however great and influential the entertainer of the notions might be.

And the question of authority would inject itself when considering the questions raised by Miss Lloyd.

"After all," it would come to his mind, "what AUTHORITY, outside of their own volition, had the several ministers to ordain one as a minister of the Gospel? The question is not whether I am called, but whether I am sent."

Jonathan was no coward, neither was he a fool. Once aroused he was ready to face all. But he did love the work of the Wesleyan ministry. His lot was cast in a fair land. The respect of others, and even the dependency of others, placed a responsibility on him not adversely to his liking, as he was human like all of us.

My father had passed away, and I was back on my native heath, manager of the Hall estate, when these events took place.

One morning Jonathan met me by the little brook running through the meadow. I never saw him so thoughtful, so solemn. His early experience had made him pensive; but to-day he was actually melancholic.

I had been to America, made my fortune there, and now a manager of the estate of my dearest friend, I felt in the mood of joking Jonathan a bit.

“Why so gloomy on a day like this, Barchedig frawd?”

I shall never forget his look. He turned his large mournful eyes on me, and I could see the terrible agony which possessed him. I was sorry for the bit of teasing.

“Robert anwyl,” he said, “I am in doubt, and it weighs heavily on my soul.”

“No bad news, I hope,” I said just to say something, as I was thoroughly unnerved at his sight, and to throw aside what I felt was coming.

“No, no, and yes, yes,” he sighed. “It depends what you mean by ‘bad news.’ My conscience tells me there is something wrong. You, Robert, have had a wide experience in this world. You were for years in America, where they tell me, men are quick to think, to grasp, to learn, especially in religious matters.”

“Yes, they do settle things very quickly there. And my humble service is at your commands, my reverend sir.”

Jonathan was silent for a moment as if wrestling with his soul, but presently he said, abruptly:

“I am in doubt about the validity of my ordination. I was ordained by Wesleyan Ministers; but my question is: ‘What Authority had they to ordain me?’ ”

“Now I am glad you spoke to me of this. I have noticed for some time,—in fact since the Bishops were here,—that you had softened very much in your attitude towards others,—and especially towards the Church. I was brought up in this village, and was taught from my boyhood that the Church was wrong,

and that she was endeavoring to blot out our glorious liberties. I was a small, and a poor, boy when the Wesleyan Chapel was first built. I remember the part I took in procuring the Bible for the pulpit. I had to leave this village on account of the narrow-minded dealings of the Rector here. This persuaded me more than ever that the Church was of the wicked one, and that Dissenters alone were the friends of the country, and of our dear language.

“While in New York I was approached by a friend of mine to join the Masonic Order. I was glad of the opportunity as I had always feelings of great respect and awe for that Order. I signed the application, and in due time I was admitted, passed and raised in due and ancient form. The work was beautiful, the lessons taught were grand. I was delighted. The Order was up to my expectation, in fact I could have truthfully echoed the words of the Queen of Sheba that the half of the beauty was never told of the Order. I remember when a boy at home how proud Mr. Richard Vaughan, the father of the present Thomas Vaughan, of Bryn Isa’ farm, was on St. John’s Day when he would go to attend Church with the Masons, when about one hundred of them would march from the Lodge room to the Church, and the Rev. Cecil Sparrow would preach and was proud, he would say, to be one of them.

“Two or three days after I was raised I met the Rev. Mr. Foulkes, our Welsh minister. I knew he was a Mason, and a Chaplain of a lodge. I was proud when I hailed him with a Masonic sign. He answered all right, and after a few more signs, grips and signals, he asked me where I belonged. I told him I was a member of Perfection Lodge, No. 319, A. F. & A. M.

He seemed to be puzzled, and asked me what State. I told him the State of New York, and the City of New York. He asked me a few more questions which I answered, doubting nothing was wrong. Finally he told me that I had joined a clandestine lodge. I never had heard of that name; but I told him it was not so, that this was an English lodge, and all the members were respectable looking brothers, and all the work was carried on in the English language, and there was nothing foreign about it. I never had an idea what Clandestine meant.

“‘It is a lodge,’ he said, “without any lawful Charter. And its members are not recognized by the real Masonic Order.’”

“I was innocent, and I supposed he did not like it because I did not join his own lodge. But I was satisfied, and turned away from Mr. Foulkes rather indignant that he should insinuate that my lodge was not as good as his own. The night when I was finally made a Mason the Secretary gave me a Monitor, with all the works in, for which I paid five dollars. I studied it carefully and found by the help of a ‘key’ I was given, that the unwritten work was all right.”

I paused.

“Go on,” said Jonathan, “my father was a Mason, and I heard him speak of clandestine lodges.”

DUW A DUW YN UNIG.



CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT AND MASONRY—FINDING BISHOP KIP'S BOOK.

"I nursed a hard grievance against Mr. Foulkes. But soon I met John Meredith Richards, whose son Taliesin I knew quite well, as he was clerking in a bank where I had a large deposit and was a Director.

"I said, 'Mr. Richards, I know you are a Mason. I want to attend lodge to-night. May I go with you?'

"'Why, Robert Jones, I did not know that you were a member of the Craft. When were you made one?'

"I told him, and it was arranged that I should take dinner with him that evening, and then would go to lodge with him.

"The time arrived. We were at the Lodge. Mr. Richards spoke to the Master and he appointed a Committee of three to examine me.

"I went through the work fine. I had a good memory. I had taken great pains to get the work 'letter perfect.' We were through with the examination, and just as the committee was going one of them asked me what was the name of my lodge and its number. I told him that it was Perfection Lodge, No. 319, which met on the 18th floor of the Crocker Building.

"The three stood still, their faces were turned ashen. 'Clandestine,' said one to the other. I felt queer.

"The three left me and entered the lodge room, and in about fifteen minutes five men, accompanied by Mr. Richards and the Rev. Mr. Foulkes, came out. It was explained to me that the so called Perfection Lodge was a clandestine lodge; oh, that word, how it worked

on my nerve, and that I could not be admitted. I was furious, and my Welsh temper got up, and I told them a few things about being narrow minded and bigoted, and that the work of Perfection Lodge was fine, etc., etc. I was afterwards ashamed. Mr. Foulkes and Mr. Richards spoke to me in Welsh, and explained that Clandestine meant, *lladradaidd*, dan law.

"I understood. I had been fooled. My one hundred dollars were paid for work stolen from its proper guardian. The lodge had no lawful Charter to work the degrees. The men could see that I had been duped. Both Mr. Foulkes and Mr. Richards spoke a good word for me. I was told that the only thing I could do was to be healed. That I did not quite understand, as I did not know that I was sick, though I did feel pretty 'rummy.' I told them that I would see a physician. They laughed and explained what they meant when they said 'healed,' that I should be initiated into a lodge having a lawful Charter, granted by a body possessing proper authority to grant one. In due time I became a member of Washington Lodge, No. 5."

I stopped. He waited for me to proceed, and when he saw that I had finished, he said it was a very interesting experience, but what had that to do with his ordination?

"Nothing," I said, "with your ordination, but I thought you were in doubt of the validity of your ordination." Then light dawned on him.

"Oh," he said, "how my father's words come back to me."

"My friend," I said, "that has served me a good purpose. I had a physician in connection with my mining company. Five hundred men were in his care; it was important that he should be a competent man. Some-

thing told me to ask him if he were a graduate of any College, and if he had an M. D. degree. He said he had, and produced as fine a piece of sheep skin as I ever saw. I looked it over. It was all right, finely engrossed in Latin, with his name written in old English letters, with about fifteen to twenty names signed of all shapes, conditions and angles, with two large seals, a ribbon or two under half a pound of wax. It looked all right. I had not the opportunity in my younger days to learn Greek and Latin. But I remembered my former experience, and I called one of my secretaries to go over to Dr. Oliver Llewellyn Morgan, whom I knew very well, to tell him that I wanted to see him as soon as possible. I showed Dr. Morgan the diploma. He pronounced it a bogus one. There was no such College, and he said one could buy these diplomas for from twenty to two hundred dollars, according to the means of the would-be possessor, from the firm of Nervieck and Cheette.

"I found the possessor of the diploma knew nothing of medicine, and so by inquiring concerning the granting of the certificate, I found it was not valid, and I saved, perhaps, several lives. Shall I proceed?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," Jonathan said, "go on. I begin to see light."

I proceeded: "Mr. Rees, you have noticed perhaps that I never attend your Chapel with Mr. Williams, and that I attend the parish Church?"

"Yes," he said, "and Betty Jones told me more than once you used to attend the Chapel, and that you and Mr. Williams and his wife got the first big Bible for the pulpit."

“So I did, and if you will examine the Pulpit Bible you will see my name in connection with those of Gladys Lewis and Rowland Williams, as the ones who secured the Bible. It was my heaven to go to the Chapel. I hardly ever attended the Church. Once I went there as a visitor, and oh, how dismal it was!

“But in New York I came across a book written by Bishop Kip, first Bishop of California, called ‘The Double Witness of the Church.’ It set me thinking. Is the Church true? If so, how do we know? Was the religion of Christ like a Kingdom? If so, it should and could be traced to the beginning. I commenced to work, to think, to investigate. I was bound not to belong to a CLANDESTINE CHURCH.”

AGOR FY LLYGAID I WELED.



CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT JONES INVESTIGATING THE CHURCH.

“But how to get about it? I thought that Mr. Foulkes, being a preacher, ought to be able to help me. But I found he had the same hazy idea as most people of the kind. Religion was a hazy, sand chain, nebula kind of a thing. The Lord was good, he felt it in his heart. The Episcopal Church as he called it was popish, he said, and getting worse and worse every day, it had no heart religion. It was even worse than the Established Church at home, with more of such stuff. He could recognize a Clandestine Lodge, but he could not recognize a Clandestine Church. WHY?

“I had to go South. My buyer had bought some considerable cotton. I found myself in a small town in Arkansas, called Morrilton. I had to go there to save serious trouble, as the State legislature had passed a law not to insure cotton. On the train I made the acquaintanceship of the Methodist minister. For a few days I was idle, and accepting his invitation to call I did so, and found him in his study with the Rector of S. Agnes' Church, a small mission of thirty communicants. The Methodist minister was asking him about his conversion. The Rector said he never was converted because he had always been a Christian.

“‘Then,’ said Mr. Hayes, ‘you are not saved. Unless you can tell the day and hour of your conversion, you are not converted.’

“‘Mr. Hayes,’ said the Rector, ‘do you love your mother?’

“ ‘Why, certainly I do.’

“ ‘When did you begin to love her?’

“ ‘I never did begin to love her. I always loved her. My first sight was of her beautiful face.’

“ ‘But,’ insisted the Rector, “when did you first love her?’

“ ‘I never did begin, as I always loved her,’ Mr. Hayes said.

“ ‘No, you don’t love her, unless you can point out the day and the place when you loved her for the first time. I am ashamed of you not to love your mother,’ said the Rector bantingly.

“ ‘It was a good point, and it hurt the minister. But he insisted that the ‘High Episcopapians,’ as he called the Churchmen, had no religion of the heart, etc.

“ ‘That afternoon was stormy, and in the evening rain came down in torrents. I took tea with the Minister, and that very evening was prayer meeting night, and so I expected to attend the meeting. The bells of both the chapel and church rang; both buildings being on the same ‘block.’ After waiting a considerable time no one came to the Methodist Chapel, besides himself, his daughter and myself.

“ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘let’s go to our “High Episcopapian” and see how his meeting is attended.’

“ ‘When we reached the little wooden Church building we found, virtually, every communicant residing in the town present, and taking part in the service. Mr. Hayes was surprised, and confessed that after all this was a good test of religion; and he found that his four hundred communicants, noisy as they may be in their profession, could not come up to the standard of this little Church, though they were modest in their profession of heart religion.

“This impressed me very much, and the next day I called upon the Rector; who, by the way, was a native of South Wales, of the parish of Llandefeilog. I explained to him my desire to investigate, and he greatly helped me by giving me books, and names of books to read. One book especially was helpful, ‘Reasons for Being a Churchman,’ by the Rev. A. W. Little, S. T. D., L. H. D.

“‘Now, Mr. Jones,’ he said, ‘let us begin at a certain definite period, so we can point to it and measure from it.’

“‘That is fair,’ I said.

“‘Now then begin with Christ’s own promise to His Apostles: “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”’

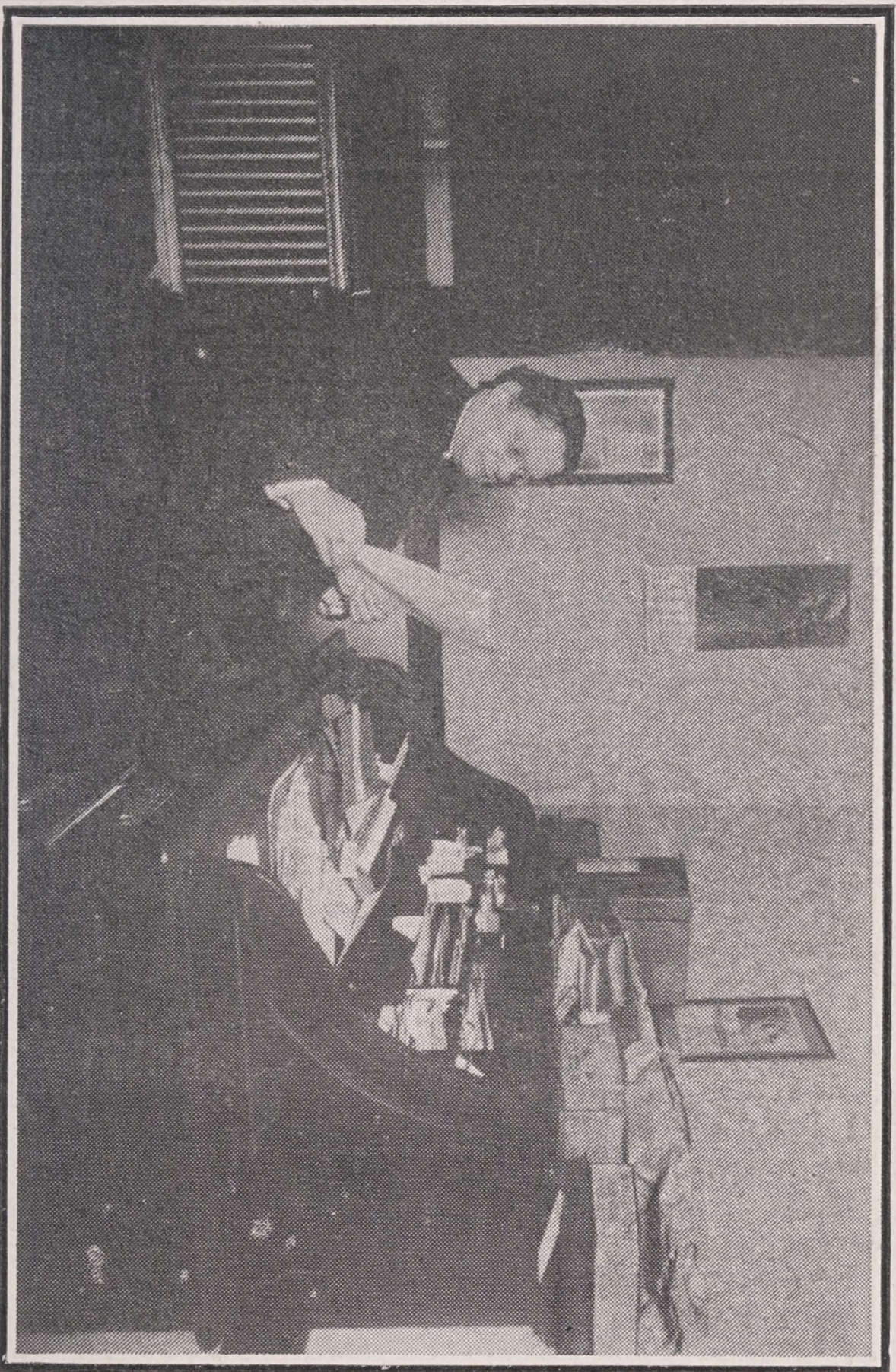
“‘Now,’ he said, ‘take this pencil and sheet of paper. Put down the date of this promise, say 33 A. D., present year 18—. In order for Christ to be with any Church it must be in existence now, and must be able to trace its existence back unto the year 33 A. D., unbroken.

“‘We have it in the Acts of the Holy Apostles that the ordination and consecration were performed by Apostles and other men with lawful authority; and so down from then until the present day.’

“I agreed.

“‘And a Church to be valid must have its existence back to this period of 33 A. D.

“‘Now then apply this test. To find the quality of metal, whether it be of gold or not, we are told that a certain acid will work in a certain way on gold. You have the metal, apply the acid test. When was the oldest sect existing to-day organized, first commenced to exist?’



THE REV IVAN M. MERLIN JONES, D. D., IN HIS STUDY

“ ‘In 1520-60,’ I answered, as I had been reading a sermon in the ‘Presbyterian,’ delivered in New York by the Rev. McBeth McDermott, a celebrated Presbyterian Divine, ‘and they left the Church of England in 1573.’

“ ‘True,’ he said, ‘and the Congregational was organized in 1568, the Baptists in 1639, etc. Put down 33 and over it 1520, and see how many years Christ was with His CHURCH BEFORE the Presbyterians came into existence. Well, then for these 1500 years, or so, Christ was with His Church, but could not be with any church before the existence of that Church. The same rule will apply to all others and later organizations calling themselves Christian. And the first Methodist church, of which the Wesleyan is a branch, was organized in 1766 A. D., or seventeen hundred years AFTER the definite period that Christ said he would be with His Church.’

“At this point the Rector was called to the death bed of one of his parishioners, an old lady of 96 years. I was left to my own thoughts; and many indeed they were. The test was fair, and by all efforts I could not make a connection between my religious body and that Date, or in fact with any religious body with the exception of the Catholic Church, which I had a vague idea had always existed since the days of Christ.

“What about the Church of England? I thought. But then that was organized by Henry VIII, and yet I remembered the Rev. John Evans, in one of his few references to the Church while Rector of Llangwenllian, said that the Church of England was the Catholic Church of the country, that it was organized in the first Century by S. Paul and S. Joseph of Arimathaea, and what King Henry VIII did was to drive the Pope,

or Bishop of Rome, out of authority in the British Isles.

“Early next day I sought my Welsh Rector, and begged of him to go on with his exposition.

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘have you thought over the period fact, and have you found any Church organization existing to-day which can trace its visible existence back to the period of the Apostles?’

“I said I could not with the single exception of the Catholic Church.

“‘That is perfectly right and correct,’ he said. ‘The Catholic Church is the only Church to-day which has existed from the beginning,—the 33 A. D.—and comes under the promise of Christ.’

“‘But,’ I said, ‘I can’t be a Catholic. I have read too much of the work of that Church in England, and the hatred I have for the Romish Church is burnt to my marrow bone, and to the very marrow bone of every Britisher, whether he be an Englishman, or a Welshman like myself.’

“He was moved when he heard I was a Welshman. He grasped my hand and said that I was the first Welshman he had met for nearly fifteen years, and when he learned that I could speak Welsh he was still more delighted, and from now on we conversed in Welsh. We both sung several Welsh songs, among them:—

‘Newyddion braf a ddaeth i’n bro,
Hwy haeddent gael eu dwyn ar go’—
Fod Iesu wedi cario’r dydd,
Caiff carcharorion fyn’d yn rhydd.’

and

‘Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau
Ar doriad boreu wawr,
Pan ddelo plant y tonau
Yn iach o’r cystudd mawr;
Oll yn eu gynau gwynion,
Ac ar eu newydd wedd,
Yn debyg idd eu Harglwydd
Yn d’od i’r lan o’r bedd.’

“Our hearts were full of love for Dear old Wales and Welsh, and both of us wept tears of hiraeth.

“He brought out a Welsh Prayer Bood, and turned to the Creed: ‘Credwyf yn yr Eglwys Lan Gatholig’ (‘I believe in the Holy Catholic Church’). ‘Now, my dear brother,’ he said, ‘look in that Dictionary for the meaning of the word Catholic.’

“So I did, and found it was a word derived from the Greek language and meant: universal, general, embracing the *whole* body of Christians; opposite to national which was the character of the Jewish Church. From the Greek word, Katholokos, universal,—kata throughout, *holos*, the whole.

“‘Then you hold that the Church of England is the Catholic Church?’ I said.

“‘Not exactly *the*, but a Catholic Church. The Church of England is a branch of the Catholic Church, as *the* Catholic Church embraces all the different branches, such as the Church of Ephesus, Church of Jerusalem, not one was *the* Catholic, but different branches of the Catholic Church. In other words, the locality signifies in what part of the world that particular branch is organized. In this country the proper designation is the American Catholic Church.’

“‘But what about Henry VIII organizing the Church of England?’

“‘King Henry VIII cleared the Church of England from the evil influence of the Bishop of Rome, who had usurped authority in England, and who had been claiming that he was the Head of the Church on earth, basing his claims on forged documents, which are now conceded by the Church of Rome itself to be forgeries, *but that Church retains the many advantages the forged documents yielded her.*

“‘But, Robert bach, what is the use of talking? Henry VIII lived in the 16th century, and a thousand years BEFORE that we have our own Dewi Sant. We know about the Welsh Bishops meeting under the Oak, and of their absolute refusal to submit to the Bishop of Rome, or to acknowledge him as having any claim over them and the Church in the British Isles.

“‘We know that the first Bishop of Rome was Llinus, a full blooded Welshman. We know that the first Christian Emperor of Rome was converted to Christianity in that tight little Isle. Then what is the use of saying that Henry VIII founded a Church which existed 1500 years before Henry was born?

“‘Now,’ he says, ‘take one of our great Bishops, say Bishop Thirwall, Bishop of S. David’s, bishop, scholar, statesman, who spoke the Welsh language fluent’y. Look at his consecrators, and you will reach back to the Apostles themselves. And our own S. David, he was consecrated by Bishops who could trace their consecration back to S. John the Divine.’

“‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ ‘It is clear at last. Just as clear as the difference between regular and clandestine Masonry,’ said I.

“ ‘One more song before we part:
‘Dwy aden colomen, pe cawn,
Mi grwydrwn, mi ’hedwn yn mhell;
I gopa bryn Nebo mi awn,
I weled ardaloedd sydd well:
A’m golwg tu arall i’r dwr,
Mi dreuliwn fy nyddiau i ben,
Mewn hiraeth i weled y Gwr
Fu farw dan hoelion ar bren.’ ”

OES Y BYD I’R IAITH GYMRAEG.

CHAPTER X.

THE EFFECT ON JONATHAN.

The Rev. Jonathan Thomas Rees was spell bound. He was listening to his own soul speaking, and to his own doom concerning Wesleyanism.

The simple narrative touched him to the quick. His father’s saying came back to him with new and greater meaning.

The validity of his ordination was tested and was found wanting.

The little brook was babbling on at our feet. Here and there we could see the trout jumping to the surface trying to catch a fly, and over the water we could see “gwas-y-neidr” flying back and forth. In the meadow we could hear the sweet song of the sky lark as it floated up and up into space, and anon descending like a stone to its nest; we could hear the one familiar note of the black bird, and on the top of the highest branch we could see the thrush and hear its sweetest melody.

I, who had been absent so long from Dear old Wales, enjoyed the scenery as I left myself to fall into the grasp of old Memory; and the Rev. Jonathan Rees was in a deep, deep thought.

How my mind wandered back to the scenes of childhood. I could see myself, Gladys Lewis and Rowland Williams talking together and planning for the big Bible for the opening of the Wesleyan Chapel.

Llangwenllian has changed, even though it remained the same in many things. Many of the old characters were dead, and their children had taken their places and were getting like them. Even old Azaraiah is dead, the old, old clochydd, who imagined the Church could not be kept alive without him. Poor Sally Williams had become quite helpless. She is not able to leave her room now only in a wheel chair. Through the kindness of the Master of the Hall her house has been enlarged from one little room to four large comfortable ones. She is attended by a young woman as a companion, thanks to the Rev. Mr. Morgan. The house is as clean as ever, though the hands of poor Sally are not able to clean any more.

The Rector and the Minister visited Sally almost daily, and would read from the Welsh Bible and hymn book. At least once a week the Rector would give her the Communion, at which service Sally's countenance was like what the countenance of S. Stephen must have been when he saw the Lord Jesus.

All these things went through my mind, as I sat by the babbling brook with the Rev. Jonathan Rees in deep, deep meditation. His usually solemn face was long and mournful, his eyes staring at the water. His soul was in agony. He was in death and life struggle with temptation; his soul was wrestling with an angel

of Jehovah and he refuses to let him go until he receives a blessing.

Slowly he was murmuring an old Welsh hymn of Morgan Rees, Caerfyrddin:

“O! Agor fy llygaid i weled
Dirgelwch Dy arfaeth a'th air;
Mae'n well i mi gyfraith Dy enau
Na miloedd o arian ac aur:
Y ddaear a'n dan, a'i thrysorau,
Ond geiriau fy Nuw fydd yr un;
Y bywyd tragwyddol yw 'nabod,
Fy Mhrynwr yn Dduw ac yn ddyn.”

Slowly he came back to earth. He had triumphed. “Let us pray, Robert anwyl, and ask the guidance of God.”

On our knees both of us went, and he poured forth his soul in agonizing petition to his heavenly Father. He pleaded long for light and guidance; he cared not where he would be led as long as he was led by the Spirit of God, and then we concluded by repeating “Ein Tad yr hwn wyt yn a nefoedd,” etc.

“Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch
Fi, bererin gwael ei wedd,
Nad oes ynof nerth na bywyd,
Fel yn gorwedd yn y bedd:
Hollalluog
Ydyw'r un a'm cwyd i'r lan.”

He took hold of my hand; the evening shadows were falling fast, the unique Welsh twilight was setting in,—the lark had gone to rest,—the blackbird and the thrush had found their mates and were nestling quiet now,

only the babbling of the brook, and the low mooing of the cows in the distant field,—but listen, the beautiful voice of Edith Gwen Lloyd rose on the silence of evening, singing with the sweet melody of the nightingale:—

“Iesu! Carwr f’enaidd cu!
 I Dy fynwes gad im’ffoi,
 Tra b’o’r dyfroedd o bob tu,
 A’r tymhestloedd, yn crynhoi;
 Cudd fi, O fy Mhrynwr! cudd,
 Nes ’r el heibio’r storom gref;
 Yn Arweinydd imi bydd,
 Nes im’ dd’od i deyrnas nef.”

The cadences rose and fell as if an archangel were singing his clearest note. And then came the words of the old hymn in Welsh:

“Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
 Zion City of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed Thee for His own abode,” etc.
 And one more as if singing to the Triune God:—

“One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above;
 One Faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword Love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One Song ascendeth to the skies.
 Our Sacrifice is One,
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that bring
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of the Church beneath,
The Catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew.
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one."

We were at the gates of Paradise. Never in my life did I feel the Spirit of God so near as now, and Jonathan was weeping like a little child; and repeated between sobs:

"Head of Thy Church beneath,
The Catholic, the true," etc.

The voice of the singer ceased,—the usual quiet tranquility was on us again, save for the distant sweet melody of the nightingale.

We rose from our knees. Jonathan took hold of my hand and said:

"Thank you, brother Robert. I see light. I shall take three months to make a decision. Pray God that I shall decide according to His Will."

DIOCH IDDO BYTH AM GOFIO LLWCH Y LLAWR.



CHAPTER XI.

THE SPIRIT OF POLITICAL DISSENT.

Great awakening was taking place in Wales. The old "Pocket Borough" system was no longer; the 'Squire or the Lord of the Manor could no longer dictate who should represent the Borough and County in Parliament. The elective franchise had been extended, protected, thanks to the Conservative, or Tory party. The secret ballot had been adopted. In the past rich people controlled, and the rich people, as a rule, belonged to the Parish Church, nominally at least. The effect of the various reforms at first were decidedly against the Church, on that account.

This feeling was very carefully encouraged by the leading Non-Conformist preachers and leaders, as they saw in the circumstances "providential openings" for them to extend their own aggrandizement and exploitation; to defeat the Church at the same time. The pulpit, the platform and the press were unsparingly used to propagate the "New Nationalism;" and "Young Wales" was encouragingly taught to fight the Clergy and the Church: in fact, it was more important in their view to fight the Church than to fight the devil.

Some men among the Non-Conformists had better motives, and they arduously worked for the true betterment of Wales and the Welsh. Such men were S. R., and J. R., Llanbryn-mair; the Drs. Rees, Llanelly, Swansea, Liverpool; Drs. John and William Thomas; the old Welsh giant Michael D. Jones, y Bala; Dr. Thomas Job, Conwil, the Rev. J. Wyndham Lewis, Carmarthen; Lleurwg, Matthetes, Ialwyn,

Watcyn Wyn, and others. Though of necessity these were not altogether unprejudiced against the Mother Church, and were often influenced by polemic spirit of Protestantism, yet their great aim was to LIFT Wales; love for Wales and honest efforts on their parts to improve Wales. The songs of Pantycelyn, the preaching of Williams y Wern, the writings of S. and J. R., had the right ring of Welsh patriotism as well as devotion to the Gospel of Christ.

From the other side giant writers and publishers came on behalf of the old Church of the land, but even these great men were not always actuated by the purest motives. Brutus was a giant among men, and he did much for the Church and Wales; but sometimes he would dip his pen in the wrong bottle, and vitriolic indeed was the consequence. And the great house of Spurrell must not be forgotten as defender of the Faith,—ever kind and active, with malice towards none and a bad word to no one. Spurrell indeed was a host and an army!

Men on both sides were patriotic, and would willingly lay down their lives for Wales, Welsh and progress.

For a number of years the patrons of Welsh parishes paid no attention to the clerical appointees, and very, very commonly indeed, was the fact that English spoken priests would be made Rectors of Welsh parishes, where the parishioners, 90 per cent of them, understood no English beyond "Is syr," "No, syr." And the Rector could not even ask for bread in Welsh, if he were starving.

The results were disastrous to the CHURCH. Instead of attending the parish Church where services

would be said in an unknown tongue, the people would meet together in each other's houses, or in barns, and would hold prayer meetings, and then would club together and build a modest Chapel to meet on Sundays, where they could pray in Welsh, preach in Welsh and sing in Welsh. It was to the advantage of the preacher to retain all the people, as his salary was made up by the congregation.

The Chief Shepherds were apparently asleep, until the preaching of the Wesleys and the Whitfields, and the Harris's, stirred up the people to a realization of their sinful neglect; and the powerful influence of the Oxford Movement made itself felt in Wales. But the Erastian and worldly minded Bishops, many of them, even yet could not realize the strength of the reform, or revival, and they foolishly opposed it, and for this the whole Established Church was unmercifully blamed and held accountable.

But the awakening of Wales reached into the very Palace of the Sovereign, and as Sees became vacant in Wales Welsh Priests were appointed to fill them, and the new order of Bishops made it imperative that appointees to Welsh parishes should be able to read and preach in Welsh. This could not be accomplished all at once. It took time to reach all of the parishes, for as a rule Rectors live long lives, especially worthless Rectors.

This reform, instead of meeting with the hearty approval of the Dissenters, was really the cause for a bitterer attack on the Church than ever, as this reform took away the only excuse of Dissent for living; and for a quarter of a century the battles against the Church have been most bitter, and vindictive,—false-

hood, calumny, charges of the foulest nature have been hurled against the clergy and the Church, until a decade or so ago it reached its climax. The Non-Conformist Evangelical preachers died, and in their places came Non-Conformist Political preachers.

The "Haul" and the "Llan" have accomplished wonderful things for the betterment of Wales, and the New Nationalism and the New Young Wales are full of Church ideas and ideals. The Church is gaining while Dissent is losing its hold over the people. Truth at last has prevailed and is prevailing, and the Church again is tremendously in the affections of the people. But I am anticipating.

The friendliness of the Rev. Jonathan Rees towards the Church as shown in closing the Chapel and advising his people to attend the parish Church when the new Rector was instituted, was properly reviewed by the "leaders," not only of the Wesleyans, but of other Dissenting denominations, and was considered "apprehensive," "betrayal of principles," and compared to Esau selling his birthright for "red pottage," and other terrible delinquencies in the Old Testament. The brotherly act of the minister was made an occasion for persecuting him.

At the next local Conference, which met at Wrexham, charges were brought against the Rev. Jonathan T. Rees, for wilful neglect of duty and the betrayal of his trust in omitting the usual services and attending instead the Established Church, thereby acknowledging the rights of the Rev. Evan Davies Morgan, and accepting him as the spiritual head of the parish, which are contrary to the principles of Non-Conformity. But the real object of the charges was to get rid of the

minister from Llangwenllian, and to depose him from the ministry as a warning to other weak brethren.

No one from the Chapel of Llangwenllian, or indeed from the whole parish or surrounding country, would sign the charges, so the charges were signed by the Rev. Azaraiah Wilkins, an Englishman, who had charge of a small English Wesleyan Chapel in Wrexham. From his long residence in Wales he had acquired a fair knowledge of Welsh, and from his continued inability to have charge of but small churches he had also acquired the bad habit of being jealous of any one who succeeded, and could see no personal merit in any one, but all were in the "ring," and in the "ring" to down him. He had chips on both shoulders and an apple on his head.

He had worked hard for a call to the Chapel of Llangwenllian, and as Jonathan was the successful one it was sufficient evidence that Jonathan had personal spite against him, and therefore was a worthy object of Azaraiah's righteous wrath.

The rumor of the charges brought a large attendance. The Dissenters are good fighters, and love "to annihilate" one another nearly as well as to "annihilate" the Church.

Rowland Williams was a representative from Horeb chapel, Llangwenllian. He had been away a great deal lately, attending Parliament, and had no inkling of the charges until they were read.

Rowland Williams was a man dominated by a spirit of fairplay, and his experience as a lad in Llangwenllian, and as a struggling youth and man in America, in fighting powerful enemies, and especially his experience in Parliament, where he had ample opportu-

nities to meet "the leaders" of all political schools and parties, gave him an unusual advantage to exercise his discrimination.

Of Jonathan he had a fair knowledge. He greatly admired his preaching ability, and the even tenor of his judgment. And he was very well pleased with his Christian breadth of mind.

On the other hand the Rev. Azaraiah Wilkins was a quick tempered, intolerant in his dealing with an opponent; with a voice which was not exactly cracked, and yet not quite a falsetto, but a cross cut between the two, which gave it a peculiar, tantalizing sound, as if some one was trying to saw California redwood with a rusty saw. His face showed that he was a very "sour old soul." He was "jealous," without a saving sense of humor. He repelled rather than attracted. He had much confidence in himself, and he had long ago concluded that he was not properly appreciated. In fact, he had cultivated this idea to maturity that now it was beginning to bear fruit abundantly: people were jealous of his ability, and that was the real reason that he always was assigned to small places.

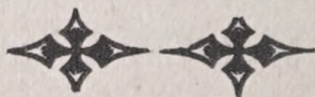
Here he saw the chance of his life to be a leader, and his fame would travel throughout all Wales as a leader for the freedom of the Principality from such time servers as Jonathan the pastor of the influential Chapel of Llangwenllian, where the popular member of Parliament Rowland Williams was a leader. And what then could he not get! A hero, a hero, after serving a life time under the thumbs of those in authority! At least he would be made the next President for England and Wales, and would be assigned to Eglwys fach, the largest and most wealthy Chapel of the Wesleyans in Wales. With a salary of four hundred pounds

sterling, and a glebe provided by the wealthy founder of the Chapel. Four hundred sovereigns a year and a glebe from which tithes were derived, were princely salaries in those simple days to Dissenting ministers, as indeed to most Rectors also.

The Presiding officer was the Rev. Alexander Fluvell Higginbatham, a native of Nottingham, England, a rich and scholarly gentleman of some ability. He had no love for the Welsh language, and used it very sparingly,—the little he knew after a residence of twenty years in Cardiff, Wrexham, and several other larger towns of the Principality. For several years he was an instructor in a “College” near Wrexham,—in fact he was the President and instructor in English history, Greek and Latin. He had aspired to the chief office in the University of Wales at Aberystwyth. He had travelled in Germany, and for three months attended Heidel University, and brought back from there a Ph. D., as an addition to his name, which pleased him immensely, from the constant use he made of the letters.

He prided himself of being very “just,” but he was very fond also of being on the side of the rich and powerful.

When the charges were read the president was feeling very exhilarating, as he had now, he felt, an opportunity of using his influence and of gaining a great name for his fearless championship of Dissent, and this may yet bring him his coveted prize the Headship of the University of Wales.



CHAPTER XII.

MULTISONOUS DISSENTERS.

The first to gain the eye of the presiding officer was the Rev. Thomas F. Phillips, a fiery Welshman from Ebenezer Chapel, Cymbach. He was an eloquent speaker, a poet, and was endowed with an unusually great amount of prejudice against the Church, and especia'ly so since the Bishop about ten years before refused him as a Candidate for Holy Orders, on account of his inability to pass the mental examination. Mr. Phillips was a self-made man, and as he had the disadvantage of not being able to see the entire man at the same time his fitting in some places was certainly unique and ludicrous, to say the least. But he was very proud of the job. He was a "good speaker," his knowledge of the Bible was excellent, and he could quote extensively from the old Bards, he was a great follower of the Eisteddfod, and annually columns of the Banner ac Amserau Cymru would be filled by him criticising the adjudicators for awarding the Awdl prize to Watcyn Wyn, or Dewi Ddu, or some other equally "inferior bards," and not to him the author of an Awdl far more meritorious, according to his way of thinking, than the one for which the Chair was awarded. He never won a prize, but once in his life, and that once was for a hymn, and he was the only competitor. He was well versed in the Welsh Grammar, but English he could not abide. It was "too thin for his tongue." But to show his great proficiency in the English language, he explained one day when some one wanted to get the English word for "milgi," that it was "thousand dog."

But to-day he was in his element, and for an hour or so he spoke, as he had never spoken before in his life. He was on the question, off the question, around the question, under the question; he was with Twm o'r Nant, Mabinigion; he was sitting in Cadair Idris, then walking with Napoleon the great liberator of France in Moscow; poetry was flowing like the River Dee, now from Ossian, once or twice actually from Omar Khayyam, now from his own superior poetry; now in prose, once or twice from Peter Williams' Esboniad; Charles o'r Bala and Charles of Carmarthen; various saints in and out of the Kalendar were called upon for remarks; he wept under the influence of his own eloquence, and laughed at his matchless wit. The audience at first listened attentively, then laughed, wiggled, but never cried, for the humor of the whole thing was too pronounced.

Rowland Williams was a study. He never smiled,—in fact he sat in a stupor. He had various experiences in America. He had met crooks like Rosencrans, but this was something new. Here was a professed champion of toleration intolerant of toleration: condemning the very thing which he and his likes had been fighting to obtain! Rowland Williams was utterly disgusted, angry, humiliated. Was it after all true what the Church leaders declared, that Dissent used the love of liberty as a cloak and a cant to fool the people?

At last the Rev. Thomas F. Phillips subsided, and a voice from the congregation rang out, let us sing,

“Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch,
Fi, bererin gwael ei wedd,” etc.

The Rev. Evan Jones, Ffynon Bedr, led in prayer. His words came forth from the depth of his heart.

He had a great reputation as a prayerer, and was in great demand for large gatherings—for the Gymanfa and dedicatory services,—and his place and part in those meetings consisted in making the opening prayer.

He prayed long and earnest. He was not over-gifted in scholarship, he couldn't tell a problem in Euclid from Halley's comet: he knew it; there was no arrogancy about him. But in one thing he did excel,—he was often on the mount with God, and like Moses, his face would shine with a heavenly light. He had a heart of the true follower of Christ. He was of the old type of Dissenters,—the prayer and not the political kind. His prayer may have been heard by the Lord, but it had no influence on some of the preachers present.

The first to speak after the prayer was the Rev. Jeremiah Jones, and he saw in the prayer nothing else but the scheme of the enemy. He had seen the Rev. Evan Jones in company with Jonathan Rees and friends before the meeting began, and he insisted that this prayer was made in order to deceive the people and to cajole them; but he for one would not be caught so easily. He was a man of experience, and he was a man of action, and belonged to the descendants of the third brother, and whatever he undertook to do that would he perform. He was now sure that the new parson of Llangwenllian was a jesuit in disguise, and that he had bewitched the dear brother of Horeb, and it was the duty of the Wesleyan conference to stand upright and to be firm, and to squelch the beginning of wrong doings of the heart and of the mind, or else pretty soon our young men, with college education, would be swallowed by the beast. He then counted ten young ministers of the Wesleyans, fifteen

from the Methodists, twenty from the Congregationalists, ten from the Anabaptists and five from the Primitive Methodists, who had gone over to the Church in North Wales alone that same year. These were all college educated men, and as he always has maintained, so he maintains now, that college education is a dangerous thing, and he was heartily opposed to it. Men should be called by the Holy Ghost, as he was, and he himself attended school but for a very short time.

His brother, the Rev. Isaiah Jones, got up with a smile on his dear sweet countenance, and said he was tired and amused at his brother's "night mare," the "Beast." Surely he justifies his name of Jeremiah. But of course his dear brother has had good opportunities to study the "beast" when he called so often on the good Bishop of Bangor trying to persuade his Lordship to ordain him a minister of the Established Church,—for the purpose no doubt of having a good opportunity to strangle the "Beast." The good old Bishop told him he had too much bitterness in his heart, too much gross ignorance in his head and too much evil thoughts in his imagination to be a priest of the Church.

The audience laughed at this sally. The unfriendly feeling between the two brothers was well known to the people, caused because Isaiah thwarted Jeremiah's plan of taking possession of their father's farm and fortune, leaving the children who were small out in the cold. And also the audience knew that Isaiah spoke the truth about Jeremiah's many visits to the Bishop of Bangor. Isaiah was very fond of doing thus at times, so as to keep Jeremiah's heart from swelling with too much pride and vanity,—much to Jeremiah's discomfort.

Another brother, a small tiny bit of humanity, with a tremendous big voice spoke, and he was yet more bitter than Jeremiah, as he had a stronger voice to pour forth his vitriolic spleen, and poor Jonathan got "Hail Columbia" from him, because he dared to close up the Zion of God and encouraged the parish Church in its new folly of plain ritualism, aping the beast on the Tiber. He prophesied that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the great day of judgment than for the minister of Horeb.

It seems that Jonathan was to receive the worse as all the speakers yet have been against him. Was there no one to speak on his behalf? He himself was quiet, sometimes even amused, and always appeared good natured.

A little man, sitting near the door, got up and asked permission of the chair to speak, which was granted after some hesitation, being a stranger and the chairman desired to show the importance of the privilege granted. This speaker pictured the times now and the times when he was a lad attending the Chapel of which Mr. Phillips is the minister. Then he depicted the condition, and the utter worldliness of the Rectors of the parish when he was a young man. "Forty years ago I left my little Welsh home and went with my parents to America. There I toiled and worked, but gained nothing, until I went to Carson, Nevada, and there located a placer mine, and in five years I sold my interest in it for seventy-five million dollars, equivalent to about fifteen million pounds sterling, and a royalty of two per cent of all gold mined. A part of this little sum I took to educate myself, and to buy a good farm for my father and mother, who preferred to remain in America. I stayed with them until they

left me for the World Beyond. After a course of years I graduated as a chemist and metallurgist. Then I devoted my time in searching for new inventions. I was induced to invest twenty thousand dollars in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and in four months' time the mine was sold and my profit amounted to ten million pounds, not quite as good as my first venture. So I was happily provided to pursue my hobby as an inventor, and perhaps you may have heard of me when I tell you my name is William Morris."

A thrill went through the congregation. They were all acquainted with that name, and with his power and wealth.

Dr. Morris went on to describe the struggles and battles fought for the betterment of mankind in America, and gave a vivid description of the two greatest benefactors of the human race in America, Abraham Lincoln, and the powerful corporation of Trinity Church, New York, the vast amount of money spent by that corporation for the uplifting of the poor in New York, and throughout the States. After he returned to Wales he had been studying its religious condition. He had visited his old home, and he had found there a great improvement. Instead of English speaking, worldly and intolerant Saxon Rector, he found a good Welshman, with a good Welsh name, the Rev. Gwilym Goch, late of Rhosllanerchrugog parish. And he had noted the difference in attendance. In his younger days the Church had from three to twelve present on a Sunday morning, nothing for the rest of the day, the Rector perhaps was fox hunting with the gentry of the parish. Even this small congregation consisted of the 'Squire, two daughters, and servants, with the school master of the parish school,

who led and did most of the singing by ear. The Wesleyan Chapel, the Anabaptist Chapel, the Congregational Chapel and the Welsh Calvinistic Chapel were full of earnest Christian people. "On my return I have been to see them all. I have found the Church to be crowded at each service, low and high masses every Sunday and choral evensong. The Independent Chapel is now a Chapel of ease of the parish Church, as also the Chapel of the Calvinistic Methodists. The Anabaptist chapel I found has been purchased by the Parish and is now a reading room for the town, and the Wesleyan Chapel, built to accommodate fifteen hundred people, now has barely three dozen attendants. The first speaker here to-day is the devoted pastor, and I have no fault to find with him, as I understood that for the past ten to fifteen years the attendants have been decreasing as the Angel of Death takes the members home. So instead of one Church with a dozen present, I find that the parish has three large Churches, with autonomous government, all united in the Parish Church,—two Welsh and one English services, but the Rector and two Vicars are Welsh scholars, together with the three Curates.

"I was at the services of the Church at Llangwenllian when the present Rector was instituted. I had known something of the conditions there in earlier days. I met in America Mr. Williams,—the father of the 'Squire of the Hall and the Member of Parliament for the district.

"Many an hour Mr. Williams and I spent in America talking over the affairs of our Old Dear Country, the tyranny and the intolerance of the Saxon gentry and Saxon 'Squires and Saxon Rectors in thorough Welsh parishes. I was glad to visit Mr. Williams again in

this country, he being the nominal manager of his son's estate. I met his son also, whom I had heard of in America, but he did not know me, and I begged his father to be silent as I wished to make some investigations incognito.

"I am old, and for fifty years I have endeavored to serve the Lord. When I left this country the only place of worship at Llangwenllian was the parish Church, and the same conditions prevailed there as in many other Welsh parishes. The Rector was a fox hunting Parson. He could not speak a word of Welsh, and although on Communion Sunday, about once or twice a year quite a number would attend to receive the Sacrament, on other Sundays hardly a dozen would be present.

"But a change has come over the parish and the Diocese; even the Lord Bishop then was an Englishman, with no love for Welsh traditions,—but now you have one of the greatest thinkers and workers of the age, and a thorough Welshman as Bishop, and the newly instituted Rector of Llangwenllian is also a Welshman, and is both a chaired and a crowned Bard of the Ancient Gorsedd.

"I attended the services of Institution, and I tell you my friends I was glad to be there, for besides the Rev. Jonathan Rees and members of Horeb Chapel, God was also present, and you may just as well bring charges against God as to bring charges against this preacher."

There was a tremendous stirring among the delegates and congregation.

The old man went on, growing in power and influence as he warmed up to his subject. He finished with this significant remark:—

"There was a time when Dissent was NECESSARY. God used our fathers to discipline His Church. The Church has been taught the lesson, she has reformed. There is NO NEED or MISSION for Dissent to-day, there is no excuse for its existence at the present time, and therefore, like all useless or unnecessary things in nature, it must cease, it must die, it must perish."

The effect of Mr. Morris' speech was electrical. Rowland Williams and the congregation cheered and then sang,

"Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
Tostoriaethau fel y lli'," etc.

The former speakers Phillips, Jeremiah Jones, and also the presiding officer were visibly confused, while Isaiah Jones was beaming happily over his brother's confusion.

The first on his feet was Rowland Williams, M. P., and in a ten minute fervent speech moved that the charges be dismissed, and that this conference expresses its joy and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the awakening of the Church in Wales, to which Church Wales is indebted like England for its greatness among the nations of the earth. And also that this Conference pledges its help to the awakened Church. This was seconded by the Rev. Josiah Lloyd, M. A., D. D., minister of the great Chapel at Wrexham. Dr. Lloyd's brief speech was thoughtful, solemn for him, and full of love for the Mother Church and for all Christian efforts to convert sinners and to develop the characters of the converts in Christian graces.

A few more ineffective efforts of Phillips and Jeremiah brought the discussion to a close. The Resolutions of Mr. Williams were put, and overwhelmingly

carried. The congregation was moved as one man and they sang the following beautiful hymn of Islwyn:

“O! Arwain fi i’th nefol ffyrdd,
Yn nghanol temtasiynau fyrdd;
Yn awr y brofedigaeth ddu,
Dragwyddol Ysbryd! arwain fi.

Pererin wyf yn mhell o’m gwlad,
A’m golwg ar drigfanau ’Nhad—
Pererin rhwng gelynion lu:
Dad pererinion! arwain fi.

O! arwain fi ’r hyd llwybrau hedd,
Yn ufudd mwyach hyd fy medd;
Drwy ’r olaf brofedigaeth ddu,
Yn orfoleddus, arwain fi.

Rhyw anial erchyll yw y byd,
A maglau ei bleserau i gyd:
Yn gywir i’r Baradwys fry,
’R hyd ffordd sancteiddrwydd, arwain fi.

Trwy ddyfnion donau angeu af
Dan ganu, os Dy gwmni gaf;
Nes cyraedd glan y Ganaan gu;
O! Ior anfeidrol, arwain fi!”

Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ANTI-TITHINGS.

Wales was stirred to the very core. What had taken place in such parishes as Llangwenllian, Ruthin, Llangollen, Wrexham, Llanfynydd, Rhosllanerchrugog, Brymbo, had taken place in scores of other parishes throughout the Principality. Whenever a Rector or Vicar would die, or give up his title, Welsh priests were appointed, as Welsh Bishops were replacing English prelates, throughout Gwalia. Of course dozens and dozens of parishes were not so fortunate, as their English speaking parsons would cling to life and title,—and with the infirmities of old age, added to the inability of the tongue, and the disinclination of the heart, the affairs of the parishes would be in a direful condition, and the Dissenters were gaining there at the expense of the misfortunes of the Church; and no opportunity to gain was ever neglected by the leaders of Dissent.

But the number of parishes transferred from the Erastian to active centres of preaching, working and teaching was slowly but surely increasing. And with this activity in the transformed parishes a number of schools for the poorer class sprang up all over the country, established and carried on mainly through the activity of Churchmen and Churchwomen. The Education Acts of 1870 introduced the principle of compulsory attendance at school; but as the Education Acts made no provision for feeding the children the promoters of these schools had also to provide food.

The schools were intended for all irrespective of religious affiliations,—and, as may be surmised, these were primarily intended for the poorer children, having day and night sessions. Tuition, books, and all necessities were supplied free. And whenever a child was found, and diligent search was continually made, whose parents were too poor to feed or clothe the child properly, the parishioners would freely supply the needs. Hundreds and thousands of children were rescued from evil lives, who grew up to be men and women,—useful in the community through these efforts. Dissent as a rule was too busy with its own existence to be of much help to these schools.

Then again the parishes thus blessed with native and active priests bestirred themselves regarding the Sunday-school. And thus surely, though seemingly claudicantly, did the work of the Church grow.

At first the Dissenters did not notice the change, so gradual it was, and so engrossed were they with their own schemes to injure the Church as not to leave them much time to note the wonderful changes, and though by and by some did take note, yet the majority did not see or did not believe the changes would be permanent, so accustomed were the people to the chronic neglect of the Fabian prelates and English speaking priests. But at last the tide was too high and forceful to be ignored, and many a Chapel found itself marooned.

The session which ended in the overwhelming defeat of Phillips, Wilkins, Higginbatham and Jeremiah Jones, at Wrexham, was also the means of calling special attention to the mighty inroads made by the Church.

Phillips, Wilkins, Higginbatham and Jeremiah Jones undoubtedly were overwhelmed, yet they were not subdued; indeed they became more bitter, and at once looked around for dire revenge.

For immediately at the close of the session these men, with other invited kindred spirits, held a meeting at the Cross Hands Inn,—a favorite place with the Dissenters in Wrexham, where generally visiting preachers put up.

At this meeting there was no discussion. It was certainly a mutual admiration society. The men were chafing under their futile effort and their crushing defeat, and with their radical guests were resolved to go to any measure to harrass and defeat the Church. Of the fifteen invited eight were Socinians, two out and out infidels, one belonged to the Anabaptists, three to the Independents and one to the Calvinistic Methodists.

The meeting was held in the large parlor upstairs. The men were well supplied with “deacons,” and soon the room became as cloudy as their own brain.

Higginbatham could not understand Welsh enough to carry on a conversation, and Jeremiah Jones and Phillips could not do so in English. This at first promised to be a serious obstacle. But as most of the men were really one-tongued individuals, it was decided to carry on the business in Welsh, and the chief things would be translated to Higginbatham by Wilkins and others. Higginbatham had to be reckoned with as he was the man with the money,—and was ambitious.

After an hour's release of the “safety valves,” when their spleen had been reduced below “danger mark,” they sett'led down to business against the “Beast.”

It was determined to organize an Anti-Tithe Society, to be named "The Society in Defence of the People."

The Society had really two objects,—one for the Public and the other for Private use only of the members, and this latter was the chief object of the promoters.

First the Apparent Public Object: That these men were actuated by high sense of duty and religious patriotism, and were banded together to assist their fellow brethren whose conscience would not permit them to feed the Beast by paying tithes.

The other AND TRUE OBJECT, which of course was sedulously guarded from the public, was to STIR UP STRIFE between TENANTS AND LANDLORDS: to visit Dissenting farmers for the purpose of urging them to refuse paying tithes and rents,—holding before them the grand and glorious fame which would surely be theirs;—and there is no other men on the face of the globe who will do so much for the glory of fame as the Welshman, as long as he believes it is his duty.

In order to carry out the real object of the Society elaborate plans were effected, and an active campaign instituted,—the eight Socinians and the two Infidels contributing liberally for the reason that they saw the END of Trinitarianism and of RELIGION WITH THE OVERTHROW OF THE CHURCH.

At subsequent meetings Cardiganshire was selected as the best field to carry out the scheme of the "No Tithe and No Rent Campaign,"—with cases here and there throughout Wales as could be secured without trouble.

Paid agents were engaged,—five receiving regular salaries, with liberal allowances for "expense." These paid agents were supposed to be men, under deep sense

of duty, giving their time and talent free from a deep conviction of the sin and iniquity of the tithe system, and in the name of God and Country they were ready to sacrifice all for CONSCIENCE. Two of the agents were UNBELIEVERS IN THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Meetings were held simultaneously in many parts of Cardiganshire under the auspices of the Society in Defence of the People by these paid agents, with the valued assistance of as many local ministers as possible. Tenants were personally visited by these agents accompanied by ministers, and were urged to take a brave stand for Liberty, Freedom, as their noble forefathers did; as Owen Glandwr, and Llewellyn Ein Llyw Olaf did against the hated Saxons. Then when tenants were persuaded not to pay the rent and the tithes, these agents would send trusted emissaries to the landlords urging them to self-protection, pointing out to them their duty to the Country as law abiding citizens, the majesty of the Law must be maintained or the country would be in an anarchic condition soon, and that measures should be taken to compel these delinquent tenants to pay their honest debts according to solemn agreement. In many cases guileless clergymen were the messengers to the landlords at the behest of the agents.

So by egging on both sides serious troubles would be sure to ensue. In fifty per cent of the cases the landlords would, much against their own inclination, be persuaded by the emissaries of Dissent to instruct their lawyers to enforce payments,—to evict, that was the favorite term.

At the end of the week the *Tyst a'r Dydd*, *Y Gol-euad*, *Taran y Gweithwr*, *Banner ac Amserau Cymru*, *Seren Gymru*, would reach their subscribers with full reports, page after page, of the horrible crime of evic-

tions,—how the women and children were evicted from their homes because the fathers and husbands were actuated by their conscience not to pay the sinful tithes and rents to alien landlords, yea, to the Beast, the Church. These reports were made by a regular publicity department of the Society for the Defence of the People.

HYDER YN NUW.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ANTI-TITHINGS.

The country was wild from one end to the other. It was some time before the daily papers could get at the true facts, as Cardiganshire was more inaccessible than any other part of the Principality; and it was the hardest thing in the world for a reporter to get any information from the people themselves, as they were terrorized, and dire vengeance was threatened to any who would "talk too much."

But here and there curious incidents would take place, which at last broke up the infamous intrigue. For example:—

Henry Jenkins, Pen-y-coed farm; John Jones, Ystradfawr; Thomas Lewis, Ty'r Eglwys; John Jones, Pibwr Wen, and Henry Davies, Llwyndu farm, were driving in their wagons, on the way to Aberayron, to pay their rents and tithes, as the custom was. They were met by some of the paid agents, accompanied by the Rev. Silas Jones, a well known and popular Dissenting preacher. They were urged not to pay their rents and tithes, and they were guaranteed that the Society for the Defence of the People would be responsible for any expense connected with the case. After getting the Anti-tithers' promise in black and white, and properly signed and witnessed by the Rev. Silas Jones, the worthy farmers at once became victims of their CONSCIENCES, and they refused to pay rents and tithes. And there were great rejoicings in the camp of Dissent.

Legal proceedings were instituted and in time the Bailiff was instructed to evict, and to sell enough of the cattle, or some other property, to cover the amounts of rents, tithes and costs.

This was splendid. Hitherto isolated cases were secured, and those at great expense, for the farmers were reluctant to sacrifice themselves after all. But here were five farmers, tried and true, all in a bunch, and five farmers with farms adjoining one another. The *Tyst a'r Dydd* was full of it. *Seren Gymru* forgot to discuss the sin of sprinkling, so full was its pages with an account of the Crime of the ages, and with dire articles on the institution responsible for the CRIME, meaning of course the Established Church. *Taran y Gweithwr* had turned into a two edged Sword, and the ponderous *Banner ac Amserau Cymru* had doubled its pages,—with most sensational description of the tyranny of the Church, the sacrifice for conscience' sake of the farmers, noble men indeed they were, and a blood curdling description of the need of the wives and children, with a full cut of each "noble farmer martyr," who were fighting against the great tyranny. The *Goleuad* and the host of them were up with the procession. The people of Wales were aroused, even loyal children of the Church were greatly disturbed. Excursions were run from all parts of the surrounding country,—from Carmarthen, Llanelly, Swansea, and even from Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, and Cardiff, and from places of the north, to witness the "Eviction" and auction. Large numbers of Constables were commissioned to keep the peace, and even a Company of the famous Welsh Fusiliers were ordered to be present to quell any riot.

The fateful day arrived at last. Ten to twelve

thousand people were present from all parts of the Principality. A platform had been built for the auctioneer and his corps of assistants. The auctioneer was Bailiff Anthony. He had a voice like a fog horn of an Atlantic steamer, and could make himself easily heard over the vast assemblage;—and he was rather witty for a Bailiff, too.

The hired agents of the Anti-Tithes society were up to their usual tactics. One, the Rev. Thomas J. Davies, Pwllteg, got up to make a speech, but before speaking he wanted the people to sing “God Save the Queen,” so as to prove himself a patriot, and that he and his co-workers were actuated by patriotic spirit.

And after a terrible harangue against the injustice of the tithes, and the praise these honest, conscientious tenants deserved, he fairly howled that an institution which was responsible for these outrageous evictions should be torn to pieces, and should not be permitted to exist in this day of grace and civilization. He finished in the midst of applause, hurrahs and hand clapping, which continued fully half an hour.

After this orator, the Rev. Thomas James Davies, Calvinistic Methodist, Pwllteg, was through, our old friend Dr. William Morris got up on the platform, and demanded his legal rights to know before he would bid who were the landlords, and to whom were the tithes payable. He had a wicked wink in his left eye, and he gave a smile which would not come off. He is up to some mischief.

Then the Bailiff as the law provided announced in his commanding voice that the owner of the property was Thomas Jones Mostyn, Esq., a deacon,—Blaenor—in the Methodist Chapel, of Brynteg, and that the tithes were payable to Trefecca College of the Calvin-

istic Methodists, as originally willed and bequeathed to Trefecca College by Henry Jones, Esq., of Plas Mawr, some fifty years before, and to be paid to Trefecca College as long as "water runneth."

There was a hush, the terrible hush before a storm,—then there was a blast, a howl,—and the dickens to pay. The Rev. Thomas James Davies was taken hold of by the people, and carried to the platform, and made to take back what he said against the Church. The agents were arrested for conspiring, after the five tenants had come forward and showed the Bailiff and Chief Constable the written agreement they had with the agents as representing the Society for the Defence of the People. One of the tenants was an excellent speaker, with a voice which would rival the fog horn of the Bailiff, John Jones, Pibwr Wen. He related the whole story to the multitude, how he and his four friends were on their way to Aberayron to meet the agent of the estate there as is the custom, and how the agents of the Society got them to refuse payment. He told the people of the dire threats that the agents made if he and his friends would pay either their rent or their tithes; that their cows would be mutilated, their horses killed and their barns destroyed. Then he related the promises made if they would co-operate with the Anti-Tithes people; and then he read the agreement. He concluded in a few but well chosen sentences and called upon the people of Wales, whether they were Dissenters, like himself, or Churchmen, to put an end to such disgraceful doings and to such hypocrites as evidently the members of the Society for the Defence of the People were.

His speech was electric. Cheer after cheer went up. The Rev. Thomas James Davies, the paid agents, and

the leaders of the Anti-Tithes Society who were present, trembled like leaves. They were surrounded by the constables and soldiers for protection. The five tenants came forward again, and paid their rents and tithes to the Bailiff, and the Society for the Defence of the People had to pay nearly £150 in costs.

Then the air again was rent as the vast multitude sang the old Welsh hymn: —

“The Church of our fathers, long founded and old,
The Cross on her banner she still will uphold;
The prayers of her saints, like incense shall rise,
Her glad songs resound to the skies;
Home, Home, Home of our fathers of old,
May she at last, when earth is past,
In heaven Thine own presence behold.”

The daily press contained full reports of this wonderful day; but the *Tyst a'r Dydd*, *Tarian y Gweithwr*, *Banner ac Amserau Cymru*, had not a word on the subject, but were discussing grave problems of antiquity, and were solemnly discussing the momentous question who was the greatest preacher, Evans, Ffynonhenry, Davies y Go's Bren, or Ismael Jones.

The paid agents of the Society were arrested for conspiracy, and as in most cases some of them turned states evidence, and brought forth a long list of the leaders of the movement. Several were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and transportation,—including the Rev. Thomas F. Phillips, and several leading ministers left hurriedly for America and Australia, to save their freedom.

This was practically the ending of the tithes agitation in Wales.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END—USEFUL BOOKS.

The Rev. Jonathan Rees, directly the Conference ended, went home to Llangwenllian, and the next day he sought me for my advice.

His plan was to go to the 'Squire, as he was the chief Leader of his chapel, to lay the whole case before him, with all the data he had gathered, and with my exposition, as he was pleased to call my talk with him, and to ask his careful consideration and advice.

Knowing Rowland so well, and glad of this opportunity of getting him to study the question from a short range, I advised him to carry out his plan.

The only thing in the world Rowland and I disagreed upon was this question of the Church. At first after my conversion I was glad to be in the Church myself, and did not bother myself much about others; but now the affairs of the country were such that a man who has love for the good and the noble and the truth cannot be quiet, and I was getting excited, with all the thrilling movements around, and for the first time I felt really the thirst of getting my best friend to examine into the question. I was satisfied that he was a Wesleyan from youthful prejudice against the Church, as I had been, and I was also perfectly satisfied that if Rowland Williams would examine into the matter that he would be a Churchman in a little while.

But neither Jonathan nor myself knew much of the

real inside of the question, so we decided to call on the Rev. Mr. Morgan, the Rector, for his aid.

Jonathan was not adverse to this. Events had made it impossible for him to call at the Rectory for two weeks,—in fact he had not seen Miss Lloyd since the day he offered her his hand and heart.

So to the Rectory we went. Mr. Morgan had been called to Bangor to see the Lord Bishop. He would be back to-morrow. Mrs. Morgan, and her four charming little children, and also Miss Lloyd, to Jonathan's delight, were home.

Jonathan was timid, and his usual flow of language was badly impaired. His experience had left a deep impression on him. He never had anticipated such an opposition. He himself was pure and he acted from the noblest motives, he was a stranger to the connivance of friends.

Mrs. Morgan referred briefly to the conference and offered her congratulations for his stand, and was heartily grateful that the charges were so quickly and effectively dismissed.

Miss Lloyd was reading a book when we entered, and to avoid too many compliments Jonathan foolishly asked what book she was reading, hoping it might be a novel, or one of the classics, so as to get some theme of conversation; but to his surprise she said, " 'The Heart of Catholicity,' a book written by the Rev. Frank N. Wescott, a priest of the American Church, just published in America. Would you like to read it, and another book, 'Catholic Principles,' by the same author?" she asked, and at the same time offering both to Jonathan, which he took, promising to read both.

Thus encouraged, I ventured to remark that we had come to see Mr. Morgan on a kindred subject,—the

Church, and before we knew it we were discussing the subject with the two ladies. We gained much information, much of it was new to me, and a great deal more was new to Jonathan. Among other things Miss Lloyd said that unhappily it was only too true that the Church in Wales had been neglected by those in authority. The Church in England had also been neglected, but with this great difference: that whatever may be said of the morals of the Bishops in England, they spoke the language of the people, and the parish priests there also spoke the same language as their parishioners; but in Wales the case was different,—the Bishops and priests, 95% of them, could not speak a word of Welsh, while very, very few indeed of the people of the parish could speak a word of English.

But she said that happily this was now being remedied as far and as quickly as possible, and though the Church would suffer for years and maybe generations from the stupidity and sin of the neglect, yet it was the plain duty of all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ to take the whole matter into consideration and to rejoice with the Church that at last she is active.

Then she told us that the Church was not supported by the State, more than Trefacca College was supported by the State because the college is receiving tithes from the Jones estate. We were interested in this. The tithes were given by the owners, and are now the property of the Church just as much as the tithes on the Jones estate are the lawful property of Trefacca College, or this village is the property of Mr. Williams, and as he is free to will or deed a part of it for the support of Church or College, so our forefathers had the right to do the same thing.

This was decidedly new to Jonathan, and somewhat

new to me, as we had been taught that the State supported the Church. But as Miss Lloyd was a lady I did not like to question her statement, and I know Jonathan would not contradict her for the world, so we brought the matter to a close, promising to call the next day to see her brother.

We had enough food for reflection. We hastened to Jonathan's study, and we read more than half of the books before we left it. He was reading "The Heart of Catholicity," and I was devouring "Catholic Principles." The next day we finished the books and then we exchanged and finished the other book by next day. We were too much absorbed in the books to keep our promise to meet Mr. Morgan the day we expected,—just as well, for he did not return for three days.

The two books contained wonderful information, which we had to accept or give good reasons for rejecting them. For myself I was ready to accept, as I had been in the Church for nearly fifteen years; but Jonathan was not ready to assent to the inevitable conclusion;—his head indeed was persuaded, but his heart clung to the old order of things.

In order to present our case to Mr. Morgan we felt that the better way would be to limit our inquiry to a definite plan, so we agreed on the following:

1. Conceding: All professors of religion were sincere in their professed belief and were true to their convictions;
2. Conceding: Christ had lived, died and rose again according to the Scriptures;
3. Conceding: The narratives we possess of Christ, the Gospel, and the history of the immediate Apostles, the Acts, to be true; the undeniable proof that Christ spoke of "His Church;" "I will build my Church;"

“The gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church.” That He compared His Church to a kingdom. In the Parable of the man without a wedding garment, we find something visible to the human eye. This wedding garment could not mean “heart religion,” as some would have us believe, as that would not be visible,—he undoubtedly refused to wear the garment furnished by the host for such an occasion to his guests, as was the oriental custom or usage;

4. Conceding: Therefore this Church must have some means of identification, or some visible marks which may be seen, known and recognized by the ordinary person:

Question: Granting the above are correct, what are the marks of the true Church? For evidently there is a way to IDENTIFY the TRUE CHURCH, for Christ tells us to “hear the Church.”

Armed with this plan we visited the Rector. He received us kindly, and when we had told him our mission he was very amiable and showed a willingness to comply with our request, accepting in good faith that we were dominated by the desire of arriving at the truth, and to follow it wherever the Truth may lead.

The Rector bade us pray, and he offered appropriate collects from the Prayer Book, and the three of us joined in reciting the Lord’s Prayer. The Rector accompanying us on the harp, we sung, in Welsh, translation of

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I love to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garished day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

EIN CADARN DWR.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOUR MARKS OF THE CHURCH.

The Rector read our plan of inquiry, and said he was pleased that it was so mapped out, as the question was confined really: Conceding that God established a Church on this earth, Where is that Church to-day? What are the Marks whereby we may recognize her?

He was pleased with our first concession, as he said that one great common fault with Dissenters was to assume that those in opposition, as the Clergy of the Established Church, were insincere, and false to their convictions. "We should give credit to our opponents," he said, of being as true as we are ourselves. But the trouble, after all, has been that those who do not believe in the sincerity of others judge others by themselves.

"The second and third concessions are evident to all who are capable of independent thought.

"The fourth and the Question are really the pith of the whole inquiry.

"We Church people have been accused that we are not very fond of the Bible, which of course, is absurd. We take the Bible for what it is worth. We neither over-estimate nor lower its true value; we neither place it on a pedestal to worship it, nor do we place it on the parlor table to stay there undisturbed. We cannot accede to the fetich cry of Dissent and say, 'The Bible and the Bible only is our Religion.'

"To show our appreciation of the Bible I am going

to refer you to it, for in it we have the Great Marks by which the true Church may be recognized.

“Now turn to Acts ii, 42: ‘And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers.’ This is said of those who joined the new Church.

“Here we have FOUR MARKS; and the organization existing to-day having these Four Marks is the True Church. And by force of argument therefore any organization lacking these Four Marks cannot be the true Church .

“In order these Four Marks are,

1. Doctrine,
2. Fellowship,
3. Breaking of Bread,
4. The Prayers.

“1. Doctrines. The Evangelical doctrines, as we are ready to admit, are accepted by the great majority of the leading denominations. This is seen in the fact that the Apostles’ Creed and the Nicene Creed are accepted. We will say nothing of the S. Athanasius’ Creed, as that is philosophical, and can be understood only by the learned in philosophy. This is not strange. This form of the Creed is in keeping with God’s revelation to us in the Bible, as it, too, has its philosophical books, as we may call them. The Old Testament has its wonderful predictions of Daniel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Isaiah; and the New Testament has its abstruse Apocalypse, and so has the Church her opaque form of the Creed.

“The great Standard of the Apostles’ Doctrine is the two-fold Creed, which we are glad to admit are accepted by the leading Christian denominations.

“2. The Second Mark is Fellowship, that is the ‘Apostolic Succession,’ as it is called to-day.

“This, perhaps, is one of the most misunderstood phrases in our ecclesiology, it ranks with the common misunderstanding of the word Catholic.”

“Do you mean to say that the priests of your Church are successors of the Apostles in righteousness, integrity of character and in being inspired by the Spirit of God? And in faith and holiness?” asked Jonathan.

“By no means. This is not the meaning of the ‘Apostolic Succession,’ but I am aware that this is the construction placed on it by Dissenters. Apostolic Succession is a phrase used to denote the derivation of Holy Orders by an *unbroken* chain of transmission from the Apostles, and a Succession of Ministry so ordained to the powers and privileges of the Apostles. The Catholic Church teaches that its present Bishops have the right to ordain Deacons and Priests and to consecrate Bishops in virtue of being the representatives of the Apostles, who in their turn represented the Lord Himself, the fountain of all grace; and further that the Lord committed this right or power to His Apostles only, that it might be transmitted to all future ages of the Church through them, next through Bishops ordained by theme, then by the Successors in regular order. Please examine the following verses of the Bible in connection with this: S. Matthew xvi, 19; xviii, 18, seq.; S. John xvii, 19; xx, 23; Acts ii, 42.

“Trustees are appointed to an institution of learning, with power to fill vacancies in the board by reason of death, resignation, or otherwise. The institution is five hundred years old, and still it is governed by the same Board of Trustees, though the original persons comprising the Board have been dead for centuries, yet

the present individuals were appointed by Trustees who had been appointed by other Trustees, and so back to the First Trustees. Such is Apostolic Succession, the present Bishops and Priests can trace their ordination back from one Bishop to another until the times of the Apostles.

"Now have I made this clear?"

"Indeed, Brother Morgan, you have given me the first clear idea of what is meant by Apostolic succession. In our seminaries we are taught that it is a myth and a fond dream of assumption," answered Jonathan.

"3. The Third Mark is the Breaking of the Bread. Holy Communion, called by various names in the English Prayer Book, and common talk of the people, such as Mass, Lord's Supper, Eucharist, Mystery, Sacrifice.

"4. Prayers, or as the proper translation is, given in the Revised Version, 'the prayers,' referring to Liturgic Worship.

"The meaning of words is established. We cannot take words used four hundred years ago, and give them the meaning of the present day usage. We must find the meaning of words at the time they were used in order to get the exact meaning desired to be conveyed. This is true both of the original words of the Bible as well as of the translated words.

"For example: To-day to 'prevent' means to stop. 'I will prevent you from doing that.' But four hundred years ago it means the exact opposite. 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,' does not mean 'Stop us,' but we ask the Lord to go before us. Read the Collect for the 17th Sunday after Trinity, and see how beautiful it is when we understand what 'prevent' means: 'Lord, we pray Thee that Thy grace may al-

ways prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

"The above are the Four Marks of the Church as given in the New Testament. Organizations may have one, two or even three of the above Marks and still lacking the Fourth are therefore not the true Church.

"Now for example: The leading Denominations have the First, and Third Marks, but they have not the Second and Fourth. Some have the First, Third and Fourth, but not the Second, like the Irvingites, and therefore lacking ONE Mark they cannot be the true Church.

"Some have the Second but lack the First, as many of the heretical sects in early Church history.

"If I am looking for the heir of an estate, and if the real heir has four marks by which he may be identified how could any one having but one, two or even three marks but lacking the fourth could be expected to receive the estate. Suppose that the real heir was born sixty years ago, would you declare a man born twenty years ago the heir? He may have all the other marks, but he lacks forty years in age. That alone would be enough to reject him as the heir, whom we absolutely know MUST be SIXTY years of age."

That was plain to Jonathan, as I had touched upon the same thing before; and it agreed with his father's definition of a regular and clandestine lodge of Masons.

"What Church organization is there to-day which can successfully claim this MARK of AGE?

"Can the Methodists do that? Can the Wesleyans? Can the Anabaptists? Can the Congregationalists? Can the Church of England?

"We know that Methodism was organized by the

Rev. John Wesley, a Priest of the Church, in the EIGHTEENTH century; we know that Congregationalism was perfected in the SEVENTEENTH century, and we know that the oldest denomination to-day was organized in the SIXTEENTH century. And no man versed in the elementary part of history will deny this.

“Knowing then the ages of the oldest organizations, we conclude positively that each of these lacks the SECOND Mark, the Fellowship of the Apostles, by at least 1,500 to 1,700 years.

“But there is one other organization claiming to possess ALL THE MARKS of identification; and that is the Holy Catholic Church of Great Britain and Ireland. Please be careful to understand that by CATHODIC is meant NOT the Roman, Papal or Papist Church IN England, but the VERY CHURCH OF ENGLAND. And this is the only religious Body among the English speaking world which can absolutely and positively trace its roots back to the times of the Apostles, WITHOUT A BREAK.

“I have no time to introduce evidence here. This you may have by consulting any history of England. I refer you especially to Blackstone’s Commentaries; to the works of Littledale; ‘Turning Points in English Church History;’ ‘Little’s Reasons for Being a Churchman;’ ‘Catholic Principles,’ and ‘The Heart of Catholicity.’ The last three books are by American priests.”

Jonathan said he could see the point, and that he understood what “fellowship” meant. “But as a matter of fact,” said he, “do not the Methodists and Wesleyans come under this head? Especially the M. E. Church in America? Did not John Wesley ordain the Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke as Bishop for America? Coke, by the way, was a Welshman, born in Brecon in 1747.”

Mr. Morgan replied: "We must allow the Rev. John Wesley the benefit of the first concession, that he was an honest, sincere man. Now John Wesley was a priest of the Church of England, a priest and therefore he had no authority to ordain Bishops or any other ministers, not even to ordain a Deacon."

"But," persisted Jonathan, "was not John Wesley converted on the matter of Orders by reading the book of Lord King to the belief that he could ordain Bishops?"

"Perhaps he was and perhaps he was not. There is no desire to enter into a controversy. For if John Wesley himself was converted to Lord King's idea, yet he knew that as a priest of the Church of England he could not ordain and be faithful to his ordination vows. He knew as well as Lord King knew, that the Church of England did not share in such a belief. Then if he did ordain Dr. Coke bishop he was violating his ordination vow, and I for one cannot believe that the Rev. John Wesley would ever do such a dishonorable act. And we must remember also that the Rev. John Wesley continued to exercise his functions as a priest of the Church of England until he died, and that about his last sermon was to urge the members of the Methodist society to be faithful to the Church of England, and that for years after the death of Wesley the members of the Wesleyan body received Holy Communion in the parish Church, as they had no communion of their own because they had no priests

"And besides," said the Rector, "the views of Wesley on the subject prove nothing. Even if John Wesley forgot himself so far as to violate his ordination vows and did ordain Coke as Bishop, that fact did not make Coke a Bishop. No more than if I believe that

I possess the power to make a Bishop to-day, and if I would ordain you to be a Bishop would that make you a Bishop?"

Jonathan said nothing.

"Then," continued the Rector, "we have in the Creed Four Marks of the Church, which are: One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic.

"One root may have many branches. This is the Fellowship of the Apostles. Holy, separated for good purpose. To make people holy, righteous, God-like. That is the Doctrine. Catholic, universal, as contradistinguished to the Jewish Church which was national, partial. Life coming from the source of life, from God, God was the sustainer. Universal in time, place, doctrine, truth. This corresponds with the Bread, sustenance. Apostolic, with power to perpetuate itself. Apostle means one who is sent. The Church must have power and authority to send out from its centre holy ministers and priests. This refers to the Worship."

Jonathan was silent for a while, and then he asked, "What was the Church in England before the Reformation in the 16th century, by Henry VIII?"

"She was the same Church as she is to-day, English Catholic, One, Holy and Apostolic. She was dominated by the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome, *as was the civil government of England*. But there is no other fact better established than the continuity of the Church from the time she was planted by S. Paul in the first century to this very day. This is beyond any dispute.

"As Welshmen we must not forget the meeting of the Welsh Bishops in the 6th century with Augustine, when our sturdy forefathers absolutely refused sub-

mission to the Bishop of Rome,—refused to acknowledge him beyond a brother bishop. I must refer you to the books already mentioned for further detail and documentary evidence in this case.

“But one thing I wish to bring to your notice, that is the Magna Charta, signed by King John in 1215, refers to the Church of England, about four hundred years before Henry VIII was born.”

Concerning the tithes Mr. Morgan explained to us exactly what Miss Lloyd told us, that the tithes were the property of the Church, given to her by her own children from age to age. And that with the exception of what is known as “Queen Anne’s Bounty,” the government has given not a penny to the Church, but ON THE CONTRARY THE GOVERNMENT HAS ROBBED THE CHURCH OF MILLIONS OF POUNDS. And if the rightful share was to be restored to the Church by the Government the Church’s property would be ten times more than it is to-day.

Thus the afternoon ended, and the three of us knelt in prayer, and we sang the following hymn, Mr. Morgan accompanying us on the harp:

“O! Pwy yw hon sy’n d’od yn hy’,
Yn lew i’r lan, fel rhwng dau lu,
O’r dywell Aiphtaidd wlad,
Gan roddi pwys ei heniad pur
Ar Iesu gwiw, ’r Messiah gwir,
Ei Ffrynd a’i Phrynwr rhad?

O’r dyfnder du i’r lan y daeth,
Tua’r wlad sy’n llifo o fel a llaeth,
I’r etifeddiaeth fras:

Yn llawn o hedd, mae'n awr mewn hwyl,
A'i nefol gainc yn cadw gwyl,
Am dd'od o'r Aipht i ma's.

Duw sy iddi'n blaid, hi ga'dd o'i bla'n
Y cwmwl niwl a'r golofn dan,
Eneiniad yr holl saint;
Hi wyr y ffordd i'r Ganaan draw,
Ni chyfeiliorna ar un llaw,
Nes cael meddiannu'r fraint.

Fel boreu wawr fe welir hon,
Teg fel y lloer mae'i hwyneb llon,
Mewn cariad, gras, a hedd:
Fel haul, heb un brycheuyn du,
'N ofnadwy fel banerog lu—
On'd hyfryd yw ei gwedd."

EIN TAD YR HWN WYT YN Y NEFOEDD.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE RECLAMATION OF JONATHAN.

The Rev. Jonathan Rees tendered his resignation as Minister of Horeb Wesleyan Chapel. A meeting of the Trustees was called. 'Squire Williams presided at the meeting. Jonathan was also present, and fully stated the reasons for his resigning. He spoke of the love for the members, how dear they had become to him, and how kind and thoughtful they had been to him,—bearing patiently with him in his weaknesses; overlooking his many failures, and constantly holding up his hands in the battle against modern Ameleks. But he said that Duty to God was paramount. He stated how he had been brought up by his dear Uncle and Aunt in the Wesleyan faith; how he grew up in that faith, strong in his love for it, and loyal in all his thoughts. Lately, however, he had occasion to inquire into the Reason for this faith, and after a long, prayerful and thorough investigation he was most reluctantly driven to the conclusion that God had a visible Kingdom, Church, in this world; and having a visible Kingdom every loyal Christian should be a member of that Kingdom, Church. He endeavored hard and long to make that Kingdom, Church, the Wesleyan Connexion, or at least that the Connexion was a part of that Kingdom; but he had utterly failed. And he was struck with the lack on the part of the giants of Wesleyanism to claim the Connexion as a Church. They speak of it as a Society, and as a Society existing within the Church of England. The

claim that Wesleyanism, and its other branches, the different sects of Methodism, were Churches and authorized to administer the Sacraments of the Gospel, and especially the Lord's Supper, was very modern indeed. We were on the Lord's side without any question; but we were not in His visible Church here on earth. For an illustration: During the last war in United States of America, the Government had soldiers, it had the army under its control, officered by men commissioned by the Government. But besides these soldiers other soldiers fought for the Government, these were not under the control of the Government, and their officers were not commissioned by the Government; they were known as Guerrilla, commanded by individuals who were not under the control of the Government. These soldiers could not claim the protection of the Government; they could not claim the rewards of the Government; they were in fact outside the pale of the Government—and often they were doing more harm than good to the cause they were defending.

In order to be soldiers of the Government some person in authority,—authorized by the Government, had to take their oath of allegiance, and some one with Authority from the Government had to issue the Commission of the Officers.

So with the Christian soldiers,—they should be in the army officered by men with lawful authority from the KING of the Church.

He said that after a diligent search lasting several months, he had found that the Wesleyan Connexion was a Guerrilla faith, and that he was determined, at all cost, to join the regular army of God's Government. Not that there were no noble soldiers, brave and fear-

less, in the Guerrilla army, and not that there are no grand, noble and great men of faith in the Wesleyan Connexion, but because they are irregular soldiers.

He said that as soon as his connexion terminated with Horeb Chapel he would prepare himself to receive the Apostolic Sacrament of Confirmation, or the Laying on of Hands, as it is called in Holy Scriptures, as practised by the Apostles and by the Church ever since, and even by all sects until the sixteenth century; and certainly it has been practised by the Catholic Church of Britain from the time that S. Paul and S. Joseph of Arimathea planted it in this country, the Church of S. Ninnian, and S. David, our own Patron Saint.

He was not able to proceed for emotion. The congregation loved him dearly, and while not yet ready to concede that his conclusions were correct, yet their grief knew no bounds. Poor old Sally Williams in her arm chair was sobbing; and when quietness had been regained, she said:

“Praise the Lord Jesus Christ, Who has sent His Holy Spirit to guide our dear Pastor. I also have felt the power of Him Who promised to guide us into all truth. For the past three months I have been close to the Lord and I have come to the same conclusion. I desire to resign my membership in this Chapel and be restored to the parish Church.”

They all knew and felt that Sally was speaking from her heart, and that she was in close communion with her God. Holy fear came over the members. Softly they sang:

“Arglwydd, arwain trwy’r anialwch,” etc.

Several others spoke and prayed. There was no hard feeling. Each felt that the other was acting according to his light.

They spoke of and prayed most tenderly for the pastor,—who had gone in and out before them in this Zion.

The 'Squire spoke very feelingly of the pastor,—of the cordial relations between them, of the integrity and honor of his character, and of his profound respect for him, and of the greatest grief of losing him as a pastor and a friend; and yet he knew their friendship would not be broken.

Reluctantly the resolution to accept his resignation was carried. A committee of five was appointed to prepare a set of resolutions to be engrossed and presented to Mr. Rees.

We were preparing to go home, Rowland and his wife were sad. Before leaving Rowland Williams, Gladys his wife, and myself went to the auditorium, and by Gladys' request we looked over the big Pulpit Bible, that we three procured for the opening of the little Chapel when it was a building 20 x 20 feet, when the great Aubrey preached.

The three of us were silent,—thinking no doubt the thoughts that I had,—of the time past forever,—the time of childhood, hope and faith.

“Oh, Rowland anwyl, I wish we three were back again to those happy days.” She wept silently. “Mae Robert wedi ein gadael; mae' gweinidog anwyl yn ein gadael. Oh, Rowland anwyl, beth yw ewyllus ein Tad nefol?”

Rowland was greatly affected, and myself could not restrain the tears. Gladys said, “Surely the Lord will show us. He will show us the right way, though we

may be led through fire to it. See this Psalm that you, my dear Rowland, and you, my dear friend Robert, and myself marked in the Bible as our own motto and resolution. 'Psalm xxiii. 'Yr Arglwydd yw fy mugail,' etc.'" And Gladys sang softly:

"Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

We parted. My wife, who was waiting for me at Sally Williams's, as she wanted to comfort Sally before leaving her for the night, and I went to our home, heavy hearted and yet hopeful; and the 'Squire and Gladys drove to the Hall,—to realize how soon God answers their prayer.

ARGLWYDD EIN DUW.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

A week had scarcely passed when the news came to our parish that the dread cholera had broken out in Ruthin, a few miles from us, which struck terror to the stoutest heart. It was brought there by Sam y Morwr (Sam the Sailor), who had just returned via Liverpool from a long sea voyage. Samuel Rogers was a sailor on the good ship Gwynfa, when the dread plague broke out among some coolies from Hong Kong, China. Sam eluded the quarantine and took the train for Wrexham, and from Wrexham he was driven to Ruthin by Twm the Hackman. He was home hardly a day before he was taken violently sick with vomiting, and before morning he had died. His wife, five children and his old mother, who was nearly ninety years old, had been exposed to it, and several of the neighbors as well as Twm the Hackman and several others in Wrexham.

A great dread came over the community.

Mr. Owen Williams, the 'Squire's father, had been in Sam's company from Liverpool to Wrexham. The elder Mr. Williams was known for miles around, and he was always kind, and when he saw Sam he was glad and rode with him, hearing stories from the Orient and also giving news to Sam of his people. Sam was an interesting talker. He had been a local preacher with the Methodists until strong drink got

the upper hand. Then Sam went to sea. That was years and years ago. When Sam is home and sober he is an interesting personage, but every now and again he gets the worse for liquor and then after a long spree he goes away to sea. He had been on one of these cruises now,—left over a year before.

In a few days more deaths were reported from the cholera, but none had suffered in Llangwenllian yet, and it was hoped none would.

The following Sunday the minister appointed to take the place of Jonathan, the Rev. William Joshua Protheroe, preached his first sermon. Mr. Protheroe was a man quite the opposite of Mr. Rees. He was pompous in his movements, and noisy in his preaching; overbearing in his dealings with his people. He had a high idea of his own importance, though his idea of his people was not very exalted. He had the reputation of being a strong Church hater. He was a Radical in politics, and in every way he was a very aggressive kind of man. His first sermon was preached Sunday morning, from the text: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God." (S. Luke ix, 62.) It was what is called a "hot sermon,"—full of generalities, high platitudes and personalities. He referred in scornful tones to the delinquencies of the former pastor in turning back from the great plough of Wesleyanism. He was afraid that his vanity had led him astray, and that the allurements of the "beast" was too dazzling and enticing to a vainglorious individual. The congregation was not in a very pleasant mood at this kind of a preaching. But was not Protheroe a great man, and was not his hatred to the Church some excuse? During the following week he made the acquaintance of the people of

the village, and it was freely whispered there that he was more like the kind of rectors that they used to have before Rector Morgan than a Wesleyan minister. He would hardly look at Morgan and Tom the crydd. Old Morgan did but very little at the last, but he was still a power in the village. Tom his son had taken hold of the shop. When the new minister passed old Morgan by, he brought upon him much wrath and gossip, and it was decided during the first week by those who were in the habit of spending the evenings gossiping in the shop y crydd that Protheroe was a cad, and he was to be shunned, and nearly all of the men made up their minds to go to the parish Church, where there is a "decent man not too proud to see you in your working clothes."

The following Sunday morning Mr. Protheroe preached to quite a full house, as many had been attracted by the report of his abuse the Sunday before.

His text this morning was from 1 S. Peter iii, 15, "Be ready always to give to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." Some of the people noticed that he left out the last part of the verse, "with meekness and fear."

Mr. Protheroe was a forceful speaker. He thought the highest virtue was to be sure of what you say. He did not believe in mincing words, and he only used such as had the most pungent meaning. Again in this sermon he scored the former pastor, and also some of the people who had left, and referred contemptuously to the gossiping shops of villages,—men of the place gathering there and passing judgment on their betters. Then for forty-five minutes he poured out learning and rhetoric in expounding the peerless and perfect faith of the Wesleyan Connexion.

The people were again disappointed. There was no message of love, or tenderness, but all was harshness. And John y Gof said the diawl bach would not venture to come to his smithy and tell the people there what he did from the pulpit. John y Gof was as much of a centre as Tom y Crydd, for gathering to hear the news and decide grave questions of politics and religion, which sometimes were assisted by a drink from the jug, as no public houses were any more in the village, and any farmer who came from the way of Ruthin or Abercarn would get his jug filled at the Pelican Inn, or the Pass By Tavern, or his horses would not be shod worth a penny.

The 'Squire and his lady were very much disappointed, yet they said nothing. They knew it was impossible to have a minister at all times of the calibre of Jonathan.

The new minister was to dine at the Hall that day, as he did the previous Sunday, and they were on their way home when a messenger, Wil y Gwas, was seen coming to meet them on horseback, and made sign for the driver to stop. He told the 'Squire, "Mister bach, mae'ch tad yn sal 'rwan, ac yn retchio," and that they were afraid he had the cholera, as Peggy said that was the way her son was taken when he died with cholera forty years before.

As soon as cholera was mentioned the new minister got very uneasy, and insisted it was inexpedient for him to accompany the 'Squire. "Please drive me to my lodgings." So he was driven to the hotel, and again the 'Squire turned homeward. The carriage overtook the Rev. Dr. Morgan, in canonicals, walking as fast as he could with the viaticum.

In answer to inquiries he said that he had heard

Mr. Williams was taken suddenly sick with vomiting and he was afraid that he had cholera, and in that case he thought there was no time to lose so he brought the Holy Communion for him. The 'Squire took him in his carriage, and Rector Morgan occupied the seat so lately vacated by the new minister of the Wesleyan Chapel.

When the Hall was reached they found Mr. Williams in great agony, but calm and collected, and when he saw his son and the rector he had a sweet smile. "My time for departure is at hand, my son. God bless thee and Gladys my daughter anwyl, and thy children. I am glad you have come, Mr. Morgan. I want to receive the blessed Sacrament once more." No time was to be lost. Rector Morgan took from the package he had carried in his bosom a small silver cross and placed it on the table, and two candles and sticks and placed the candles in them, and in the presence of agony and the approach of death anointed him and gave Mr. Williams the Body and Blood of Christ, the son and wife also receiving.

Soon the Angel of Death came and took with him to Paradise the soul of Owen Williams, one of God's noblemen, there to meet his dear wife who had preceded him by a couple of years.

The 'Squire and his lady were greatly stricken. There is no grief more terrible than the grief of suddenly losing in death a dear father or mother.

Word was sent to the Wesleyan minister of the death of one of the oldest and most respected members, and a founder of the Chapel, but he gave no heed. He left Llangwenllian, as he was afraid. Though his hand was put to the plough, yet he turned away in the day of need. He fled from his work and mission. He

left his sheep to perish. He intended to go South, as he had heard that that part was free from the plague. On his way near Chester he was taken sick, and after a day or two died among strangers and his body was thrown into the Dead Wagon and dumped with other bodies into a large hole in the ground.

The feeling of the people can only be appreciated by those who have passed through a plague.

People in Wrexham died by the scores. The plague became general throughout that portion of Denbighshire and greater part of Flintshire. For three months it raged in its fury. It was hard to get men to bury the dead. Morning and evening the Dead Wagon would go along the streets, picking up dead bodies and throwing them in the wagon as garbage is now gathered. There was no pity for no one had time.

The greater number of physicians, ministers and gentry forsook the place,—most of them fled. In Ruthin the ministers had all gone, and the Rev. John Howell, the rector, was there alone, ministering the best he could to the sick and dying.

In Llangwenllian the only minister fled, and the rector was left alone. The Chapel was closed,—no Sunday services; nor week day prayer meetings. The parish Church was open, and twice a day the bell would ring for the people to gather together in the House of God for prayer, and three times on Sunday. The Rector was everywhere, ready at all times to assist. Miss Lloyd was also among the people,—nursing, caring for them; it made no difference whether the sick was a Churchman or Dissenter, or with no Church affiliations, she was there with her soothing help, and many owed their lives to her tender care and nursing.

The Rev. Jonathan Rees left Llangwenllian Monday morning after his farewell sermon. He went to his aunt in Carmarthen to visit her and to consult with the Rev. Latimer M. Jones. While there he read in the Western Mail an account of the dreadful plague in Denbighshire, and of the death of his dear friend Owen Williams. He had an engagement to meet the Rev. Mr. Jones and Bishop Basil Jones, of S. David's, on the morrow. On consulting his watch and the railway time table he found that in two hours he could take the train from Carmarthen station which would reach Shrewsbury in time to meet the train from there to Wrexham. He sent the Rev. Mr. Jones word, explaining the situation and his sudden departure. The next day he appeared in Llangwenllian. The people were overjoyed, and at the same time they were afraid that he would catch the plague.

He went to see Mr. Morgan and told him that his services were at his disposal, and for three months these two men worked day and night.

At the beginning of the fourth month the plague was under control, and just when hope was entertained that now things would be all well Miss Megan, the 'Squire's daughter, a fine girl in her teens, was taken down with the plague. Her mother did all she could, a nurse was sent for from London, but the child was afraid of her. Miss Lloyd heard of the sickness, and there at once she went. Megan and Miss Lloyd had become quite friendly during the previous five months. Miss Lloyd took charge of her nursing, and in spite of all the care Megan was for several days hanging between life and death. And in the midst of it all the 'Squire himself was taken down. Rector Morgan and Mr. Rees attended him, and thanks to their watchful

care he recovered after a long illness. Little Megan was also saved.

The little village had been weeded unmercifully. Many of the old characters were gone, but strange to say Sally Williams, weak and worn, and her little attendant were not touched.

At the end of six months the plague was practically over. During all this time the Chapel of the Wesleyan Connexion in Llangwenllian had been closed, as no minister could be secured,—and what was true of this Dissenting Chapel was also true of dozens of others in the plague section. The ministers had fled away; but worldly and despised, the old Mother Church was active and no priest deserted his sheep, not even the fox-hunting parsons.

DYDDED DY EWYLLYS A'R Y DDAEAR.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHAPEL—A DIFFERENCE.

A great thanksgiving service was to be held in the parish Church. The service was to be on Sunday, the day preceding the Feast of S. John the Baptist.

There were three services, the first was Low Mass at 6 o'clock. The other was High Mass at 10 o'clock, and the third service was Solemn Evensong, with a Te Deum and a Procession.

Since the Rev. Mr. Morgan had been Rector a large three manual organ was built in place of the old Barrel Organ, which answered its purpose well for years. The great inconvenience of the "three deckers" was found out at the Institution Sunday, and soon after that the chancel was remodelled.

Three steps led to the chancel itself, which was properly divided from the rest of the church by a beautifully carved Rood Screen. In the chancel were several stalls for the clergy, and a seating capacity for one hundred and fifty choir men and boys. From the chancel to the sanctuary were three steps more, and the beautiful altar costing ten thousand pounds was beautifully carved of white marble. On the Altar were four large candlesticks, and a Cross, with about two hundred smaller lights. The Altar was a gift of Mrs. Armstrong and was intended as a memorial to her husband, and was designed under the supervision of the Rev. Cecil Sparrow before he left. And it was also a monument to the taste, culture and breadth of mind of the Rev. Mr. Sparrow. For after all he was

a grand man, only he did not understand the Welsh and the Welsh did not understand him. Oh, it were a pity that he was not a Welshman, for then he would have been able to do great work for the parish of Llangwenllian.

The large building was well filled. Many attended that day who had not entered a Church building, outside of funerals, for over twenty years. The scourging hand of the plague brought them to their senses, and the merciful deliverance of God brought them on their knees,—their hard hearts having been melted by the touch of love.

In the congregation were the 'Squire, his lady and children in deep mourning.

When the congregation, led by the large vested choir, sang in Welsh:

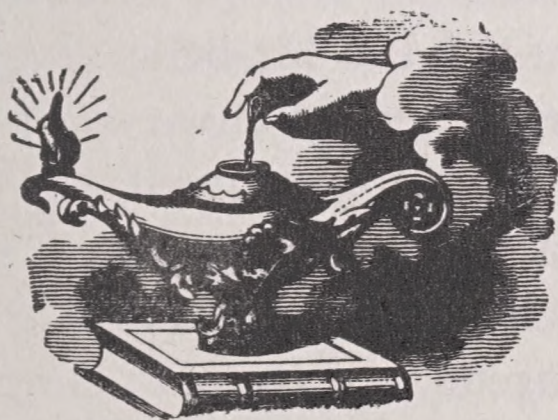
“In the deep and mighty waters
There is none to hold my head,
But my only High Priest Jesus
Who was slaughtered in my stead;
He's a Friend in Jordan's river—
Holding up my sinking head;
With His smile I'll go rejoicing,
Through the regions of the dead,”

it was hard to say whether it was sung or wept, so intense was the feeling of the congregation who had been so long in the depth of the swelling Jordan.

The Wesleyan Chapel was closed, there was no voice of thanksgiving there. And the leading Dissenters of the Principality will not write carping criticism this time on account of the great service of the Church and the Chapel closed! as they did on a pre-

vious occasion. For in the hour of trial the Wesleyan shepherd left his sheep and whom in turn were taken care of by the Rector of the hated Church. Who was the hireling, and who was the good shepherd in this case?

DUW DEWI SANT YDYW EIN DUW NI.



CHAPTER XX.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS THROWING AWAY PREJUDICE.

A meeting of the Trustees and Leaders—Blaenor-iaid—of the Wesleyan Chapel was called, and all the members of the chapel were also urged to be present. This meeting was held Thursday evening following the Thanksgiving service in the Church. The attendance was small of the officers. Four vacancies had to be filled caused by death from the plague. The attendance of the members was better.

'Squire Williams presided. The meeting was commenced by singing:

“O’th flaen, O Dduw! ’r wy’n dyfod,
 Gan sefyll o hir-bell;
 Pechadur yw fy enw—
 Ni feddaf enw gwell;
 Trugaredd wyf yn geisio,
 A cheisio eto wnaif;
 Trugaredd imi dyro,
 ’R wy’n marw oni chaf.”

Old Thomas Jones, the shop, led in prayer. There was a gloom over the meeting, as if the building was trembling for them for having the place closed so long;—a kind of presentiment that something of importance was going to happen.

The 'Squire rose in his seat, and tendered his resignation as chairman of the Board of Trustees and President of the Sessions, as well as member of the chapel.

He spoke a few words extemporaneously, and then he read a carefully prepared statement. The question he said was very important, and he could not trust to his memory, or to the spur of the moment, so he had carefully written a statement.

This statement contained references to his first connection with religion in Llangwenllian, and also to the stand he had ever taken in regard to religious liberty. How he was prejudiced against the clergy and the Church on account of the character of the Rectors he had seen here. How he fought for the little chapel, and how afterwards having become rich he enjoyed the pleasure of erecting a building in the place of the little 20 x 20 ft. structure. How the events of the past few years shaped themselves, culminating with the dreadful plague, when he lost his loving father, who would have gone out of the world without any comfort of religion, and who would have been buried like a dog, if it were not for the faithful ministry of the Rector of this parish, he was brought to a realization that he had been prejudiced against the Church. He spoke of how the Rector, wife and family spared not themselves, and although the plague had entered the Rectory and took away two of the beautiful children, yet the labor of the Rector and his family ceased not for others. He here referred to how the Rev. Mr. Protheroe ran away like a coward, and how the 'Squire endeavored to secure the services of other Wesleyan ministers but in vain. How he even offered large rewards to the Rev. Jeremiah Jones, Higginbatham and others for holding a funeral service for his father, as he was ashamed to admit that he had to turn to the "hated, worldly and proud beast, the Church," for the last office to a leader, and one of the founders,

of the Wesleyan Chapel in Llangwenllian, and how he had to turn after all to the Church for the funeral service, as he had not the heart to bury his father without some religious service.

And then he told them that for some months he had examined into the question, and how he had come to the conclusion, which had been arrived at by everyone who has examined into the matter, that the Church of England was the rightful Church of God in this country.

“The night when our former pastor, Mr. Rees, resigned I was in great doubt; I was then undecided. My dear wife and myself have spent days considering the matter, studying such books and works as could throw light on the subject. But oh, we could not tear ourselves away from the little Chapel, around which so much of our lives’ memories had been woven and interwoven. We knew not what to do. Then as we examined the old Pulpit Bible, so dear to our hearts, my wife prayed that God would lead us aright. The words were, ‘Mae Robert wedi ein gadael. Mae’n gweinidog anwyl wedi ein gadael. Oh, Rowland anwyl, beth yw ewyllys ein Tad nefol? Surely the Lord will show us. He will show us the right way, though we may be led through fire to it.’ And then she pointed to the Twenty-third Psalm.

“Little did I think then that through the death of my dear father and the terrible sickness of my own little Megan, and indeed my own, was our heavenly Father to show me the true way. He spoke, I heard His Voice. My dear wife also heard it, and both of us now in your presence declare that we resign our connection with this Chapel, dear and near as it is, and we will seek our place in the Parish Church, the House

of God in sickness and distress as well as in time of plenty and health,—the House of God in deeds as well as in words.”

Rowland could not read any further, as his feelings had overcome him, and the Clerk of the Session, with choking voice, finished reading his resignation.

There was not a dry eye in the Chapel. They knew the 'Squire and his good lady. They knew the great work he had accomplished not for the Wesleyans only, but for the whole country in his fight for religious liberty throughout Dear Old Wales.

They knew when Rowland Williams said he heard the Voice of God that he was speaking the truth and they believed him, for Rowland Williams was one of the most beloved men in the country.

As with one accord the little company sang,

“Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau,” etc.

And then old Thomas Jones, now nigh to a century mark, remembered the time and feelings when he met the great Aubrey and the first service in the Chapel, and the part that Rowland Williams and his wife Gladys and myself took in procuring the Great Bible, and how on his return from America a rich man, Rowland Williams and his wife built this beautiful edifice, and what they did for the village and the people. Oh, he cried, that he had closed his eyes in death before he had seen the work of the last half year. He had lost his dear wife in the plague, and also his son, and how he was not able to get any Dissenting minister to officiate at the funeral. Yes, the loss of his wife and son was great, but “Oh,” he groaned, “I have sustained worse loss, I have lost my faith in the chapel.” But he has found it richer and

more glorious in the Church. Mr. Morgan had visited them throughout their sickness and distress, and together with Mr. Rees their former pastor, who is now a candidate for Holy Orders, they indeed brought the love of God into the heart of many despairing souls and his among the rest.

Others spoke in the same strain.

The Trustees did not know what to do. They could not continue in the chapel. It was useless, a place of worship which is closed and deserted during a plague cannot be open during fair weather.

At last a committee of five was appointed, including Lawyer Jones, of Dolgelly, who still was a power, to determine what steps should be taken, and until the report of the Committee be made, the resignations of the 'Squire and others were laid on the table.

COFIWCH EICH DYLED SWYDD.



CHAPTER XXI.

ANDREW WILLIAMS AND HIS DISSENTING TRICKS.

When the plague was under control and virtually over Jonathan returned to Carmarthen to consult again with the Rev. Latimer M. Jones, and Miss Lloyd returned to Llanfynydd.

Jonathan entered S. David's Theological College, located in Lampeter, a market town of Cardiganshire, twenty miles from Carmarthen, for a course in theology. The usual course was four years, but Jonathan being a ripe scholar, an M. A. of Oxford, the course was reduced to two years.

The return of Miss Lloyd after such a long absence caused much rejoicing throughout Llanfynydd parish. She had changed,—the ordeal which she had gone through left indelible marks, and made her sweeter than ever to the parishioners who loved her so well. Mrs. Morgan also accompanied her, intending to spend the autumn with her parents in the lovely spot where she had spent so many happy years of her girlhood's life.

During the plague Jonathan and Miss Lloyd had seen a great deal of each other, and although he did not again declare his love yet their hearts were drawn closer together and an implied understanding governed both.

His letters to her from S. David's Theological College were full of tenderness, and her replies did not lack some warmth.

In Lampeter was a firm of lawyers, the senior part-

ner of which was a native of Mold, not far from Llanfynydd, Flintshire. With this firm was a young man from a place between Mold and Llanfynydd, who had been acquainted with Miss Lloyd, and was greatly infatuated with her, but whose attachment was not reciprocated on her part.

Andrew Williams was a member of the Rev. J. Myrddin Thomas' Independent Chapel. He was partly educated at Bala College where he went to study for the Independent ministry, and undoubtedly would have finished his course there but for his familiarity with the fair sex, for at the end of his second year he was requested to depart for the good of the college's reputation, and this terminated his career as a preacher. Then he turned his attention to law, which he said gave him more liberty than the Gospel,—at least in his fondness for Eve's daughters.

The law firm were the legal advisers of the College. Mr. Jennings' brother was the postmaster of the village, and Andrew lodged with him, and occasionally assisted him with the letters.

In the course of time Andrew saw the name of Jonathan Thomas Rees, formerly Wesleyan minister at Llangwenllian, North Wales, a native of Llanfynydd, Flintshire, North Wales, on the roster. At once he recognized him as his rival for Miss Lloyd's hand.

He immediately reconnoitered in his mind for a plan to separate Miss Lloyd and Jonathan. At last he hit upon a scheme,—as bungling in its results as it was annoying in its mischief.

In his letters to his mother he mentioned after this that Jonathan was there, a regular turncoat, had lost all his religion and was a gay gallant. He knew that

once or twice a month his mother would drive the "merlyn" to Llanfynydd to visit an aunt, who lived next door to the post office, kept by the Rev. Thomas Rees, a distant relative of Jonathan, on his father's side. Mr. Rees was an interesting old gentleman, who had been for years minister in charge of the Independent chapels of Llanfynydd and Caergwrle, a beautiful little village across the hill from Llanfynydd. Of course Mr. Rees was interested in his relative, and was often given the privilege of reading Andrew's letters to his mother, in which much of Jonathan's history, supposed to be, was given.

His mother received a letter one day from her son which caused some sensation concerning Jonathan. It was rumored, he wrote, that Jonathan was engaged to be married to a very wealthy young lady, a niece of Viscount Emlyn, and that Jonathan would then leave college. Immediately the "merlyn" bach was harnessed, put in the cart, and towards Llanfynydd his head was turned, and the switch of the whip made him "go." His mother on reaching Llanfynydd went to see Mr. Rees and showed him the letter. Mr. Rees was a widower, and had Betsy Jones come in every day to 'tend to the house. Betsy Jones was a good old soul, who was well developed in the art of parting news to others. She was not a gossip, oh, no; but a news gatherer, and as she visited a number of families in the village she was able to discharge her self-imposed duty with alacrity,—and her tale would grow as she went on. She heard Mr. Rees reading the letter to the mother, and Betsy lost no time in beginning her mission of conveying the news to the far and near. She called at various regular stops, and at each rendition the tale would grow, until when she reached the

Rectory, she had a compound story. She read the letter herself (and she could not read even print) which Mrs. Williams received from her son telling that Jonathan was going to leave college and marry Lady Bertha Brougham, a relative of Lord Emlyn, and that after the wedding through the influence of Lord Cawdor, another relative, Jonathan would receive a government appointment in India, and so on and so forth. Not having heard from Jonathan for many weeks, although several letters were sent him, the story was naturally received as true and as an explanation for his silence. Mrs. Morgan wondered, as she was well acquainted with the attachment between Edith and Jonathan. Of course there had been no engagement, and at one time Edith had rejected him.

Miss Lloyd showed no outward indications of the grief which was gnawing at her heart; and her lack of energy was attributed to the ordeal of the plague. Fears were entertained that she would break down.

Andrew Williams was a strange compound. He was a Liberal in politics, until one day Lord Mostyn's attention was called to him as an intended Independent minister, and his Lordship having often heard of the zeal and willingness of the political preachers to do a kind act in exchange for some favor, not always money, he accosted Andrew, and told him he had heard of his ability as a speaker. Andrew brightened up as he knew the speaker was Lord Mostyn. Andrew mumbled some acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I am looking for such a young man to speak throughout the shire in behalf of the Conservative candidate for Parliament."

"If I may be bold enough I would offer my service to your Lordship."

"But I was told you were a Radical and a warm supporter of Mr. Stuart the Radical candidate."

"Yet speakers, my Lord, like ladies are permitted to change their minds, and I am ready to change my mind in this case."

Lord Mostyn was amused, if not appreciative of the change. Andrew was engaged to the great amusement of the people who were not in league with the Political Ministerial association. And Lord Mostyn was convinced of the "real" attitude of the political canters.

Andrew was bitterly against the Church, and his position as clerk in the office of the proctors of S. David's Theological College increased his bitterness, as he had an insight to the prestige, power and prosperity of the Church. He was intense in his likes and dislikes. He was bitterly incensed at Jonathan, as he took it for granted that Jonathan was his rival, and that but for Jonathan he would be the accepted suitor for Miss Lloyd's heart and hand. And added to this was his soreness at the Bishop of S. Asaph for refusing to accept him as candidate for Holy Orders. This fact also increased his bitterness against the Church. When the Rev. Michael D. Jones, the Principal of Bala College, had an interview with him, and "advised him to leave college, Andrew went straight to the Bishop of S. Asaph, and offered himself as "a candidate for the ministry of the Church." In a short time the good old Bishop found out that Andrew was expelled from Bala College for immoral cause, and the Bishop refused to entertain his proposition for a minute, but advised him to deport himself as a man,

and to amend his ways and to do that which was right by his fellow men.

Indeed Andrew left Prof. Jones in "high dudgeon," but that was as nothing compared to his anger when he left the Bishop.

In a way Andrew was cunning, and at times he could play his cards well, literally and figuratively.

To Jonathan's face he was obsequiousness itself, and he professed great attachment for him. He often spoke to Jonathan of his attachment, and of events in North Wales, avoiding any reference to Llanfynydd and the Lloyds, until one day he came to Jonathan whining as if his heart were broken, and when asked the cause he informed Jonathan confidentially that he had been informed by his mother that Miss Lloyd of Llanfynydd, to whom he had been engaged for three years, and were to be married as soon as he would be admitted to the bar, had jilted him, and she was going to be married to Captain Benjamin "Ted" Lockwood, of her Majesty's Horse. On hearing this Jonathan became a trifle excited, and when Andrew applied a vile epithet to Miss Lloyd Jonathan knocked him straight between his eyes which caused Andrew to kiss the floor two or three times.

He never did like Andrew, and now he loathed him. His Edith Gwen Lloyd engaged to this loon! And going to marry the well known rounder Capt. Lockwood. Yet it was nothing to him. She had refused him.

Many things crowded to Jonathan's mind. This explained her silence. He was hurt, at least she could have answered his letters and frankly informed him that she did not wish to correspond any more, even if she did not desire to confide in him her engagement

to Capt. Lockwood.

Jonathan was hurt, and felt sick with himself and all the world. Now being deprived of her friendship he devoted his time more closely than ever to his studies in theology, as well as his independent research into the wonderful structural geology of parts within reach of Lampeter.

CYSURWCH, CYSURWCH FY MHOB, MEDD EICH DUW.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE BOX AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LLANGWENLLIAN.

The "Box" was formally opened in the presence of the Bishops of S. Asaph, and his brother of Bangor, and the 'Squire and Dr. William Morris. The box was found to contain a long sought for document concerning a chancery suit which had been in existence for nearly a century. The original possessor deliberately concealed the document, which alone could unlock a vast fortune and divide a large estate.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there lived an eccentric nobleman in Plas Gwyn, on an ancient estate of 30,000 acres. He prided himself on being a pure blooded Welshman, and refused to conform to the unpatriotic custom of his day to discard Welsh for English. A great deal of the estate consisted of hilly and barren wastes,—and deep gulches. The estate was situated in the parishes of Llangwenllian and Llanfairgwyn. The Bishop of the Diocese at that time was a Saxon, and on a visit to Lord Edward the Bishop offended him by reflecting on Wales,—referring to the obstinacy of the Welshmen in sticking to their dialect.

What "dialect" for the most beautiful LANGUAGE in the world,—the language which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise! Pity for you, Mr. Esgob Seisneg!

The rectorate of Llanfairgwyn was vacant. It was a typical Welsh Parish, with fully 90 per cent who could not say even "yes," in English. The living was in the gift of the Bishop, and in spite of the request of Lord Edward for an appointment of the Rev. Wi-

liam Morgan Hughes the Bishop appointed a typical monocled Saxon priest, who had much antipathy and prejudice against the Welsh.

Lord Edward made a will, and in this will he bequeathed certain gifts to his relatives and heirs, and referred to a certain document without which the balance of his estate could not be divided. His heirs commenced litigation and the estate was thrown into chancery.

This certain document, which at the time of his last illness his Lordship handed as a sacred trust to his faithful servant and companion, Thomas Jones, the grandfather of Thomas Jones, the grocer, contained two very important items. First came the directions how the balance of the estate should be divided, which was not to divide it among his legal heirs, as they had ample share of his wealth, but the estate was to be given to the See of St. Asaph whenever its Bishop could say Mass in Welsh; and for the benefit of the Diocese of S. Asaph and the Diocese of Bangor, when these two Welsh Dioceses had Bishops who could say Mass in Welsh. ffl

The second item of importance was a description of a certain location in the wilds of the estate, where human foot had hardly trodden, where marble had been discovered, and to another location where cobalt had been found.

The mines were to be distinct from the rest of the estate, the proceeds were to be devoted towards the establishment of a Welsh University in North Wales, with the exception that one-tenth of the product was to be given to the parishes in which the land was located, plus the tithes already on the estate.

Those present were greatly excited at the contents. Word was immediately dispatched to the Proctor of S. Asaph, and also for Mr. Jones, Dolgelly, as a personal representative of Dr. William Morris, a descendant of Lord Edward, and the only living direct heir.

After a satisfactory settlement, experts were employed to survey and examine the locations designated. After a thorough examination and careful assaying the experts reported that both marble of the finest grade and cobalt were found.

A company was at once chartered, and work on the location was commenced. The experience of the 'Squire in America was found to be of great advantage. He was made President.

The news of the discovery soon travelled through the country, which brought thousands of people to Llangwenllian and Llanfairgwyn. Hundreds of people were employed in the mines and in the quarries. Temporary buildings were erected and as soon as workmen could build, permanent houses were erected for the men and their families, and in less than a year the snug little town, the quiet little village of Llangwenllian became a respectable sized town of 7,000 souls and over, and increasing as rapidly as the workmen could build additional houses.

Each family was given the privilege of buying its home, with five years' time to pay, and the rent in the meantime would go towards the payment, and in this way hundreds, if not thousands, became owners of a good substantial home at a nominal price.

A branch railway from Wrexham was built, and another from Mold, connecting it with the railway to Chester.

Modern houses were erected. Tiles instead of straw were used for the roofs. A new and adequate system of water was established.

With the increase of population it was found necessary to build new Church buildings. The parish was divided into six districts, and a chapel of ease was erected for each district, two of which were for English services, as many Englishmen had become residents of the parish. A curate was appointed for each district under the rector of the parish.

Among the new comers, as might be expected, were many dissenters, and soon they clamored for a building of their own. The Independents built a small structure on the corner of Kings and Esplanade streets, and though generously supported by the Mission Board, yet it was not a success. The ministers would desert the Chapel for the Church. The parish Church and her chapels, afforded all the necessary religious comforts; and with the former Chapel of the Wesleyans turned over to the parish Church and made into a club or parish house for the people, they were very well satisfied, and cared nothing about the vaunted Dissenters' pleading of "liberty, freedom and the beast."

I have anticipated somewhat, but who can blame me in this maelstrom of success, development and prosperity?

The Committee appointed to consider what to do with the Wesleyan Chapel, brought in a report: The Committee visited every member of the Chapel, and with the exception of six persons, who said they were going away from Llangwenllian to Canada in a few weeks, all the members and hearers gave their opinion that the Chapel should be closed for worship:—the

people were returning to the parish Church, as their cause of dissatisfaction had ceased to exist. Mr. Jones, Dolgelly, reported that the original deed had been forfeited, for the reason that the Chapel had been closed for over six consecutive months, and that by law it reverted to the estate of 'Squire Armstrong, which now was owned by the Hon. Rowland Williams, M. P. And as Mr. Williams gave the money to build the present structure, and also gave the necessary additional land, he would recommend that the Trustees call a meeting and pass the required resolutions demanded by law to carry out the above, and to transfer the property to Mr. Williams. "I am a Non-Conformist myself," said Mr. Jones, "but I am a God-fearing man. And if the National Church of Wales were alive to her mission in Dolgelly as she is in Llangwellyn, and many other parishes in Wales, I would indeed be a Churchman." And he became one before he died. He was Rector's Warden for ten years in Dolgelly.

In due time and form the recommendations were carried into effect, and the buildings and land were transferred to the 'Squire, who after consulting with the Rector, his wife and myself, deeded to the Parish Church for a Parish Club, where people could gather for concerts, lectures, and entertainments, etc., maintaining reading rooms for the benefit of the people of the parish.

MOLWCH YR ARGLWYDD.



CHAPTER XXIII.

POLITICAL DISSENTERS DESPERATE.

While religious matters were peaceably settled in Llangwenllian, and the people there prosperous, harmonious and contented, yet it was vastly different in other parts of Wales. The loss of the Dissenters and the gain of the Church around Llangwenllian made the Dissenters most bitterly desperate in other parts of the Principality, as well as in England proper.

It was a desperate fight between Chapel and Church. Now or never must the battle be decided. Wherever the Church had awakened from her unsympathetic existence, which had been mainly the effect of having English-speaking priests in Welsh parishes, she was prosperous, and the people embraced her with the avidity which they manifested when they had the opportunity of restoring Charles II to the throne. This welcome the Non-Conformists saw and *hated*.

In the General Election of 1—— the Dissenters determined to make disestablishment of the Church in Wales an issue, as well as her disendowment.

Ireland, in obedience to her political agitators, was in a state of revolt. The blood of the noble Cavendish seemed to awaken every spirit of discord within the island, and called every demon which tradition says S. Patrick the Welshman had cast into the sea, up again to life and war. Ireland was revolting under the pretense of "Home Rule." The real issue was a determination to destroy non-Roman England.

The Socialist party was composed mainly of wild and irresponsible elements. The party cared nothing

for religion more than its great prophet Karl Marx did. It was self-centred. This party was willing and anxious to co-operate with any body of men, or any party, to down the Church, as they said, "the Church is a Capitalistic institution."

Many of the leaders of the Socialist party were out and out infidels, and they as lief down Dissenters as Churchmen.

Then there was another dangerous party because its pretensions were so plausible, calling itself the Labor party, and having many excellent "planks" in its platform. There was no mistake of the fact that the working people had ample reasons to groan under their burdens, and the indifference of the two main parties towards their condition. This party also would be willing to lend itself in exchange for a "thump" at the monopolists. The Liberal party offered it a large emolument if the party would assist in destroying the Church in Wales.

The Liberal party had some very notable men,—men with the greatest minds in the world, and if these minds could control the party would be all well and all fair. But men were restless, and restless men have no logical minds, and the leaders had to give in to the "mob." The power of darkness was loose in the world.

This great restlessness was brought about by the avarice of wealth under the control of educated men without the power of religion. Men began to arrogate to themselves authority, shrewdness and moral license, for their own financial profit. First they forgot to acknowledge God as their heavenly Father, and it was not long before they refused to acknowledge man as their earthly brother. And the great potential power which was in Non-Conformity was debauched for the

material aggrandisement at the cost of ruin of the Church, insomuch that religion became to mean politics, and political success to them. The Evangelical preachers gave place to political preachers.

As a sop to the Socialists, Laborites, and the adherents of the Italian Mission in England, the losing Liberal party offered them the wealth of the Church. And it was proposed to divide the property of the Church of our forefathers, the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, among the secular, political, and often antagonistic institutions of the Principality!

With the help of the combined strength of the Socialists, Laborites, Bradlaughites, Romanites and general Anti-ites the Liberal party had a majority of about twenty to thirty over the great and patriotic Conservative party, but to maintain this small majority the Liberal party had to pay dearly.

A bill was introduced in Parliament for the Disestablishment and the Disendowment of the Church in Wales. Poor Wales, Why the Church in Wales? And not in England? It passed its first reading as a matter of course. The second reading was carried during the last part of the illness of Mr. Williams, with a small majority. And now the third reading, and final, was to be on the 6th of the month. The Liberal whip urged Mr. Williams to be present, as every vote and voice were needed. Mr. Williams was known as a champion of religious liberty, and a strong and wealthy Dissenter. Mr. Williams promised to be in his seat and to speak on the subject.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JONATHAN ORDAINED—A CURATE IN LLANLLWCH.

Jonathan graduated from St. David's College with a B. D. degree, and was ordered Deacon by the Bishop of S. David's, at Abergwili,—a small village about two miles from Carmarthen. The Bishop's Palace is located in this village, the Cathedral itself is located in Pembrokeshire.

When Jonathan was made a Deacon 140 others were also admitted to the Diaconate and 175 were advanced to the Priesthood.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan (having received a D. D. degree from Oxford), Rector of Llangwenllian, was present at the invitation of the Rev. Latimer M. Jones, his old friend and patron.

When the Rev. Dr. Morgan met Jonathan at a reception to the former at S. Peter's Vicarage, Carmarthen, there was much rejoicing. After awhile Dr. Morgan said he was surprised to learn that Jonathan was to be ordered Deacon the coming Sunday, as he had heard he had given up the idea of the sacred ministry to accept a government position in India.

Jonathan laughed at this sally as he imagined it to be, and replied:

"Wales is good enough for me." And by degrees he ventured on delicate ground as he was yearning to hear something of Miss Lloyd, and he ventured to banter Morgan by saying:

"And I suppose now that you being so closely connected with the Secretary of the Colonies you will be

appointed Bishop in Africa or India, or some such fine place."

"Connected with the Secretary of the Colonies! How?"

"I understand his favorite nephew, Captain 'Ted' Lockwood, is engaged to your sister-in-law."

"Engaged to my sister-in-law! How in the world did you learn that piece of news?"

Jonathan's heart gave a jump, as he could see that Dr. Morgan did not want him to know it, or he was ignorant of the engagement, or it may not be so.

"There is a young man in the office of Jennings & Johnson, solicitors, Lampeter, named Andrew Williams, a native of a place between Mold and Llanfynydd, Flintshire. His mother visits Llanfynydd two or three times a month, and spends it seems a considerable amount of her time there with some relatives. About a year ago Andrew told me that he had received a letter from his mother with the news that Miss Lloyd was engaged to Captain 'Ted' Lockwood, and as I used to receive a letter from Miss Lloyd occasionally until this news I concluded that the reason she did not write any more was her engagement."

Dr. Morgan was greatly puzzled. "Captain 'Ted' Lockwood!" he said. "Captain Lockwood in the first place was married over a year ago to the girl he had been engaged to for over five years, and God pity her. She married him to reform him! An impossible feat, I am afraid." The effect on Jonathan was visible.

"And now, old friend, the same gentleman wrote to his mother informing her that you were engaged to Lady Bertha Brougham, and that Lord Cawdor was getting you a position in India, as you had given up the idea of Holy Orders. My wife told me that Edith

used to receive letters from you until about the time of this news, and then she concluded that as you were engaged to Lady Bertha you ceased writing. She wrote you several letters without a reply. I wrote you one myself which you did not answer."

Now it was for Jonahtan to be surprised. The scene came to his mind of Andrew's rolling feat when he was knocked down. He wished Andrew was near now and the scene would be re-enacted with considerable additions.

"Lady Bertha, I understand she is away on the continent, and has been away for over two years, and while I have heard often of her, yet I have never seen her. Lord Emlyn and Lord Cawdor have made several visits to the college, yet neither of them is specially acquainted with me."

"There must be something wrong. Are you well acquainted with Andrew Williams?"

"I have seen much of him in Lampeter. I knocked him down once when he told me of the engagement of Miss Lloyd. He told me that he had been engaged to her, and that she jilted him to marry the captain. He has been very obsequious to me ever since."

The Rev. Dr. Morgan roared. Jonathan of all men knocking anybody down.

"Andrew is a Dissenter," said Morgan, "and has been very bitter since the Bishop of S. Asaph refused to accept him as a Candidate for Holy Orders. I am suspicious of him."

The Ordination Sunday came and passed, and Jonathan was given a title with the Rev. Joseph Marston, Rector of Llanllwch, a parish about a mile from Carmarthen.

Llanllwch is an ancient parish, dating from the sec-

ond or third century, and according to the prophecies of Merlin is to be of some importance in the future, as he says:

“Llanllwch a fydd,
Caerfyrddin sydd,
Ac Abergwili sai.”

Hitherto the prophecy is correct. The village itself is not very pretentious. The parish buildings consist of a Church and school house. The Church is situated in the middle of a grave yard, with graves on all sides,—some of the inscriptions on the tombs are quite ancient. The building is of stone, and divided into the old and the new portions. The new part was built in the early 70's, during the rectorship of the Rev. Jonathan Marsden, who succeeded the celebrated preacher Dr. David Jenkins.

The village is typical, consisting of one street, with a farm house as one enters the village from the north. Then a house opposite the entrance to the farm. This house at one time was a “lodge” of the Plas, which is situated in the midst of a large tract of land, with a magnificent green in front, covered with ancient oak and other beautiful trees,—some of them centuries old. The green is walled in. The parish school house is across the street from the green. This school at one time was very famous, in fact it was the only school house for miles, and it reached its meridian when Mr. Evan Rees was the School Master in the 70's. Mr. Rees was also the choirmaster of the Church.

In this school room the Friendly Society of the village and parts adjacent met once a month. And once a year it would hold its “Annual Feast.” It was wonderful how many orators and poets would bloom on

that day, under the influence of the feast,—not so much from what they ate as what they drank. The water of Llanllwch well was famous for its sparkling qualities! Below this school was a row of houses. Then a small brooklet divided the village, spanned by a bridge. On the other side of the bridge was another row of houses, with a carpenter shop and a weaver's shop. There was also in this row of houses the shop of Daniel y crydd,—a very important village character, his shop was the rendezvous of all the wiseacres in the district.

Scattered in the parish are fine farm houses and laborer's cottages, and for each place a pew was assigned in the parish Church.

Famous men had preceded Jonathan in this ancient Church, it being the mother parish of the county. But no one was counted "a good preacher" here unless he had the "hwyl," and could be heard on a fine day from a field half a mile away on Alltynap. Jonathan had a splendid "carrying voice," and could be heard from this field, so he was "all right" as a preacher.

Jonathan lived quite a distance from the Church and the village, but he was active in the affairs of the parish and soon became a favorite with the people.

The stipend was not large, and it was out of the question for a curate in this parish to marry and remain a curate here, unless he had private means, and Jonathan had none. But Llanllwch was noted for the advancement of its curates.

At the end of the year Jonathan was advanced to the priesthood.

The following hymn of Llawdden was very popular at Llanllwch:

“O fy Arglwydd! O fy Mhrynwr!
O fy Ngheidwad! O fy Nuw!
Ti, fy Iesu, yw fy nghwbl,
Ar Dy haeddiant 'r wyf yn byw;
Ffrwyth Dy boen, a gwerth Dy aberth,
Rhinwedd iawnol dwyfol waed,
Dyma wraidd fy holl orfoledd,
Dyma'r graig sydd dan fy nhraed.

Ti fy Mugail! Ti fy Mrenin!
Ti fy Mhriod! Ti fy Mrawd!
Ti fy Archoffeiriad grasol!
Ti ymwisgaist yn fy nghnawd;
Ti sy'n byw i eiriol drosof,
Ti fy unig noddfa yw;
Dyma sail fy iachawdwriaeth,
Duw yn ddyn a dyn yn Dduw.”

CENWCH I'R ARGLWYDD GANIAD NEWYDD.



CHAPTER XXV.

DARK SPOTS ON DISSENTISM.

Andrew Williams continued his clerkship in the office of Jennings and Johnson, and he also continued to lodge with the Post Master, after Jonathan left college. He was elated that he had broken the friendship of Jonathan and Edith.

And finding himself so successful in this direction he began to lay his plans for revenge on other students, several of whom had made complaints that their letters were interfered with. The local post office was watched, and it was not long before Andrew was suspected. The Post Master had every confidence in him; he was accommodating and quick with assorting the mail.

Inspectors watched and soon they had enough evidence to warrant them to search his room. They found there several letters addressed to different students from lady friends, which he detected most likely from the handwriting. All the letters from Miss Lloyd to Jonathan and from Jonathan to Miss Lloyd were found there.

Andrew was arrested, his arrest causing a great commotion in the camp of Dissent,—making it as if his arrest were the evil work of the clergy.

On further searching his room documents were found pertaining to a Welsh Society, composed of several “popular” preachers and others. The object of the Society was to create public opinion against the Church, and the clergy. Andrew was the “Hon. Secretary.”

The society's activity consisted in Anti-Tithes operation, and in procuring evidence, and if necessary in making evidence, against the integrity and personal probity of priests and prominent laymen of the Church.

One case in particular, as a specimen of many other such cases, that of Mr. Thomas J. Jones, eldest son of 'Squire Jones, of Plas Llanfair, Cardiganshire, a prominent layman who had suffered much persecution. He was charged with having enticed Margaret, daughter of the 'Squire's gardener. Margaret,—she called herself Marguerite,—was a beautiful girl of eighteen years, of a weak mind and easily led,—very fond of fine clothes.

Mr. Jones was an upright young man, and both he and his father were influential as they were always active on behalf of the parish and county. Both were faithful members of the parish Church, of the Catholic party, Conservatives in politics, and unlimited in their deeds of charity.

The general election was on, and it was very necessary that Sir John Johnes, Bart., should be defeated by the Radicals, as every vote would be necessary in the wild attempt of robbing the Church. Mr. Thomas Williams, of Nantgaredig, was nominated by the Radicals. Sir John's popularity was well known. The case of the "five farmers and the tithes for Trefecca College" had wrought havoc among the pious Dissenters, and now unless something very sensational could be brought against the Church party Sir John would be elected. Then some member of this Secret Society hit upon the plan of connecting the 'Squire's son with Margaret's condition.

Two "detectives" were placed on the case. These were the Rev. Solomon Jenkins, Anabaptist, and the

Rev. Griffith Elias Owen, a "big preacher" with the Socinians.

They got hold of Margaret, and through threatening, coaxing, promising, and what not, they got her to "confess" that Thomas was the responsible party. The "confession" was written before they left the study of Mr. Owen, and it was sensational to the highest degree. These two men hired Mr. Thomas Davies, a well known criminal lawyer, who had the reputation of being able to "prove that white was black," as her lawyer. A great asset of Davies was his apparent hatred to the Church, clergy and the gentry in general.

Then as soon as Margaret had signed the "confession" they told her that if the police would ever find out that she had sworn to a lie that she would be hanged, and for her to stick through thick and thin to this confession. And there the poor girl was. They paid Margaret two pounds for this lie, and gold to Margaret meant new clothes.

John the gardener was overwhelmed. He would not believe the accusation. His wife did, or at least she pretended that she did, for to her the "detectives" had held out the enormous sum of money the 'Squire would pay to keep the thing quiet, and that most likely her daughter would be sent to a London hospital until the trouble would be past.

But the 'Squire would not be frightened, and the case had become public, and now to clear themselves the "detectives" found that they had to take the case into court. There on the testimony of the girl and corroborated in some detail by three men, Thomas was found guilty by the local magistrates. He was ordered to pay five shillings a week for the support of the child, and another five shillings a week for the

support of the mother. Of course he refused to pay and appealed the case.

This was used by the Radicals to much advantage among the simple hearted farmers of Cardiganshire, where a woman's virtue is highly thought of. From evidence obtained in Andrew's room the two reverend "detectives" were arrested, tried and convicted for conspiracy, and for forging false evidence.

But not in time to save the election of Sir John Johnes, as he lost by twenty-seven votes.

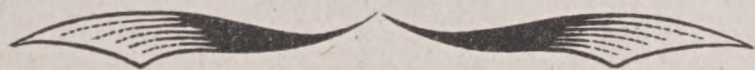
Three other "popular preachers" were wanted, but they left suddenly to parts unknown, as soon as they heard of Andrew's plight.

These are dark spots on the firmament of Dissent, yet it is not fair to judge the rank and file by the conduct of these "POLITICAL PREACHERS." The rank and file of Dissent, preachers and people, are men of prayer, of honest and upright hearts, who are the salt of the earth, and are like cities built on the hill for the conspicuousness of their just dealings and noble works.

These "political preachers" are no more "types" of real Dissent than they are "types" of real Welshmen.

Andrew Williams was convicted, and sentenced to ten years in prison, the charge of "conspiracy" was withdrawn as Andrew turned "state's evidence" and gave valuable information to the crown of the workings of the Welsh Society of which he was the "hon. secretary."

YR ARGLWYDD YW FY MUGAIL.



CHAPTER XXVI.

WALES AROUSED—A MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION.

True to his promise 'Squire Rowland Williams, M. P., was in his seat when the Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill was considered for the third reading.

The country was stirred from one end to the other as it had not been stirred for generations, or since the release of the great seven Bishops.

Two days before the time for the third reading a remarkable demonstration was made. I was not in London then, and must rely on reports of eye witnesses and the papers:—

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION AGAINST WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

THOUSANDS OF WELSHMEN WITH ENGLISHMEN IN PROCESSION

RESOLUTIONS OF PROTEST ADOPTED AMIDST ENTHUSIASM

LONDON, June 18th, 1——.

A remarkable demonstration against the Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill, mainly by Welsh Church people themselves, took place in London on Wednesday last, when meetings were held simultaneously at the Royal Albert Hall and in Hyde

Park in the afternoon. It was estimated that between 13,000 and 15,000 Churchmen and Churchwomen came up from the four Welsh Dioceses to take part in this great public protest against the bill, while some 5,000 Churchmen were joined with them from Lancashire and other parts of the country. The most impressive feature of the demonstration was the procession of men from Regent's Park and the Albert Hall, about two miles long; these Welsh Churchmen marching in fours behind their bands and flags and banners through the chief West End thoroughfares and raising immense enthusiasm among many thousands of spectators. The procession, as graphically described by the Times representative, comprised every type of Welshman:

“The parson and the 'squire walked with the Cardiff merchant, the miner from the Rhondda valley, and the peasant from the northern countryside. The four Welsh Bishops were at the head of this great Church army; many of the laymen were accompanied by their clergy. And it seems that more Welsh was spoken than English. It was the singing of ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers,’ and other familiar hymns that gave to the procession its distinctive character. This was perhaps the feature which made the greatest impression on the London crowds.”

It was indeed, it is added, one of the chief lessons of the whole demonstration in view of the “nationality” argument set up by the supporters of the bill. And the Church Times says, in its report by special representatives:—

“No one can venture to deny that it was a triumphant march, and the thousands of sight-seers who thronged the route—Londoners for the most part, who

are accustomed to displays of this kind—must have been deeply impressed by the sight of these men from the mountains and mines of Wales, who are thus showing their deep love for the Church of their fathers, which is well expressed in one of the Welsh hymns sung in the course of the day,—one moving verse of which runs as follows:—

‘The Church of our fathers, long founded and old,
The Cross on her banner, she still will uphold;
The prayers of her saints, like incense shall rise,
Her glad songs resound to the skies.

Home, Home, Home of our fathers of old:
May she at last, when earth is past,
In heaven Thine own Presence behold.’ ”

Among the bands of music procured for the occasion was the “Besses o’ the Barn,” of world-wide fame. At the head of the procession were borne the old National flag of Wales and those of S. David and S. George. Most of the banners bore inscriptions in Welsh and testified to the remote antiquity of the Church in Wales in such parochial names and dates as “Church of S. Buan, established A. D. 595,” and “S. Cybi, Holyhead, A. D. 550.” Some of the inscriptions in English drove their meaning home in terse and sententious phrase: “Honesty is the Best Policy;” “We Want Churches, not Museums;” “Our Patron Saint is David, not McKenna;” “Will a Man Rob God?” “Who Robs the Welsh Church Robs the Welsh Poor;” “Englishmen—Help Us to Defend the Church of our Fathers.” The demonstration in Albert Hall was presided over at first, in the unavoidable absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Arch-

bishop of York, and afterwards by the Primate. The vast circular building, which holds 10,000 people, was never more full than on this occasion, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the demonstration. The singing of the Hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was followed by the announcement by the Archbishop, "You will remain standing for prayer and the rehearsal of our Holy Faith, and the Lord's Prayer." The Prayers, recited by the Bishop of Willesden, included the collect for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity and the prayer for "the High Court of Parliament." As the Archbishop of York rose to speak, in all parts of the Hall people rose and cheered and waved papers, hats and handkerchiefs. The Archbishop spoke in part as follows:—

"This meeting makes its own speech, a speech most striking, most eloquent. You are here to say that as Welshmen you are devoted to your Welsh Church. You find that your Celtic spirit is inspired and expressed in the service of your Church, and you find yourselves in alien surroundings anywhere else. You are here to ask why, just at the moment when your Church is rising up to vindicate the memories of the past, and to meet the problems of the future, and is doing the duties of the present, it should be torn out of the heart of your national life, where it has been for more than eighteen hundred years. Though you are Welshmen, in the fellowship of the Church of God you are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and we mean to stand by you and to make your cause our own. I know you are not so closely joined to me as you are to my brother of Canterbury. But I would say that you will be supported not only by the Church of Augustine but also by the Church of Paulinus and

Wilfred and Aiden and Cuthbert. It is said that this bill has produced no enthusiasm. It has. But it is the enthusiasm of opposition. This is a matter which breaks right across the ordinary lines of party division. The principle of Welsh Establishment goes too deep in reason and in history to be dismissed by the commonplaces of Mr. McKenna's old fashioned individualism. The Church has never been a department of the State. It has been here at the side of the State from the moment the State was born. It is the nurse that has taught the State its first lessons. Therefore at the present time to dare to tear away out of our corporate life that element of witness to the Christian Faith would be to make a profound revolution in our national customs, sentiment and history. If the State were to transgress its limits and violate the fundamental principles of the Church, then there would be a crisis with which we should have to deal. But the moment when the time has come for the Church, for its own sake, to leave the alliance with the State is for the Church itself to decide. That alliance needs also the assent of the people; but that is a matter which must be left to the people to judge, and our complaint of this present business is that a revolution so remarkable, touching to the very quick the springs of our national life, should be hurried through piece-meal. We decline to believe that—even as regards Wales—there has been any considered judgment of the people. This bill is out of date. It does not touch the question which this country really cares for. It belongs to a stale, flat, and unprofitable political programme."

The Archbishop's notable speech was frequently punctuated with loud and prolonged cheers.

The first resolution was moved by the Hon. Goode

Lex, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons:—

“That this meeting of representative Churchmen from Wales and from every English Diocese emphatically condemns the Established Church (Wales) Bill, and calls upon the Government to submit it to the judgment of the people before attempting to pass it into law.”

No one could pretend, said Mr. Lex, that this question was an issue at the last General Election, and this bill was only possible because the constitution was in suspense. On this as on every other question the responsibility of the decision rested with the people of the country as a whole, and this bill could never be justified merely on the ground that Welsh members supported it. Of all the proposals of the bill, that of dismembering the Church seemed to him the most unjustifiable.

Parliament proposed, against the will of the Church, both in England and Wales, to break a connection which had lasted far longer than Parliament itself has lasted. That was oppression. Parliament would not dream of doing it to any ordinary legal corporation; and to do it to the Church was not only unjust but tyrannical. On the claim of the Church to her ancient endowments, Mr. Lex read the words of Freeman, the historian, whom he thought he could with some confidence cite against the Home Secretary on the grounds of authority and impartiality. He went on to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer also invented a new argument, in connection with his erroneous views as to what took place in the Church of England in the sixteenth century. “All this false history, all these financial theories to the plain man and

to the honest man were not interesting and they carried no weight," declared Mr. Lex. The claim of the Church to her endowments rested on a ground, he said, which in every civilized country, and at all times, had been regarded as the best title to property—undisturbed use over a long period of time.

The Bishop of S. Asaph seconded the resolution, and spoke first in Welsh and then in English. Their protest, he said, was not against a calm and certain decision of the democracy of the country, "but against the tyranny of a Cabinet who, like an ancient oligarchy, derive their power from the fortuitous concourse of a chaotic following." Referring to the Prime Minister's speech on the second reading of the bill, the Bishop did not think that a knowledge of Welsh history was one of the products of Mr. Askitt's genius. "I am tempted to think that he has been studying Welsh Church history in the Home Office." He recalled how nineteen years ago he stood upon this platform in the same cause, and against more formidable forces. But Churchmen won then, and they were going to win now.

The resolution was carried unanimously amid a scene of great enthusiasm. After the singing of the hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, our Lord," the Duke of Devonshire moved the second resolution:—

"That this meeting calls upon all Churchmen, irrespective of political opinion, and upon all who value the preservation of Christianity in our country, to whatever denomination they may belong, to use every means in their power to resist the passage of a bill which would repudiate the continued recognition of religion by the State, dismember the Church by Act of Parliament, and to divert to secular objects the slender

endowments of the four dioceses which have been for centuries devoted to the service of God."

The Dean of Manchester, Bishop Welldon, who seconded, described the bill as an anti-democratic one, contrary to the interests of the people at large. This resolution was also adopted unanimously. Concluding speeches were made by two Welsh laymen and by the Bishop of S. David's and the Primate.

The demonstration in the park was also very enthusiastic, but on account of the weather it had to be cut short. Among the speakers at the various platforms were the Bishop of S. David's, the Bishop of London, and Lord Robert Cecil. A resolution of protest was enthusiastically carried.

DUW YW EIN NODDFA.



CHAPTER XXVII.

A MAMMOTH PETITION—ROWLAND SPEAKS.

The debate in the House of Commons was waxing warm. Several of the Radicals had spoken, but a few of the Opposition.

A stirring scene took place after a most vicious and bitter attack on the Welsh Church and the Welsh clergy by Mr. Thomas J. Phillips, M. P., for Pembrokehire. He accused the clergy, including the Bishops, of neglect, and cited the fact that in the Cathedral Church of S. David's, only one service a Sunday was held in Welsh by the Bishop and clergy. It is true, he said, that a nine o'clock service was held in Welsh, but with no music and often with no sermon, and hardly any congregation, and he bitterly assailed the Church and stated that the vast majority of the Welsh people were against the Church, and he doubted very much whether a thousand men and women could be found in all Wales who were really in love or care aught for the Church.

As he sat down the Hon. Lewis Thomas Jenkins, M. P., for Swansea, addressed the Speaker, and asked permission to introduce a petition. Permission was granted. Petitioning is an inalienable right of a Britisher.

Eight stalwart members of the House thereupon came forward with a mammoth petition, signed by 511,957 men and women of Wales, comprising more than one-third of the adult population.

It was the psychological moment, a petition of 511,957 presented after the bitter, venomous accusation of the Member from Pembrokeshire that not a thousand names could be procured in all Wales who cared for the Church. This petition seemed to be an answer of Divine Providence to his speech. So he felt it, and so did the House. None of his friends mention the word "petition" to him.

An official account of this petition I received as follows:—

“* * * The most striking and important event that took place in the House of Commons was the presentation of a huge number of petitions against the Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment, or Spoliation, Bill from various parts of the Principality. The rolls of signatures were so numerous that they were brought up to the Table with difficulty by the eight Unionist members in charge of them on behalf of the Central Church Defence Committee. The petitions were to the number of 1,043, containing the signatures of 511,957 adults, or about a little less than one-third of the adult population of Wales and Monmouthshire. This is more surprising, as is pointed out, in that the petitions were only set on foot since Easter, after the introduction of the Bill. It appears that in some of the Welsh villages it had been threatened on the Radical side that the names of signatories against the bill would be got from London and posted up in the district, ‘a threat,’ says the *Times*, ‘which was intended as a deterrent.’ Petitions from parishes in the English Diocese will be presented to Parliament shortly before the adjournment for the recess.”

Rowland Williams was in his seat. Several of the Radicals had urged him to speak, as they felt the Bill

was being defeated. He promised that he would speak after a while.

The impression of the mammoth petition on the minds of the more temperate Liberals was visible in their actions, some openly professing that they could not support the Bill in the face of these monster petitions from the Welsh people; and so it became necessary to put forward the most eminent speaker the Radicals had as Mr. Williams refused to speak yet a while. So the Right Hon. Daniel Llewellyn Griffith, a Welsh lawyer, was selected as the speaker to counteract the evil influence of the huge petition. Mr. Llewellyn Griffith was born in Wales; was brought up among the ultra teaching of his father, a respected pastor of a Welsh Chapel,—a great friend of Islwyn, and as gentle and lovable as that eminent poet-preacher. When a young man Mr. Llewellyn Griffith was articled to a lawyer, and in due course of time was admitted to the bar. A young man of rare ability, of aggressive temperament, and who believed in himself, young Llewellyn Griffith pushed himself to the front. Not that he became a leading lawyer, with big fees, at once; oh, no. He struggled for years. But being a man of conviction, honorable and true, able and talented, he forged himself from one step to another until he was nominated a member of Parliament, and being in a strong Radical centre, with a tongue and of good report, he was elected to Parliament.

His course in Parliament was a continuation of his wonderful activity; and there again he forced himself to the front,—through his own ability, as he had neither wealth nor influence behind him otherwise.

When the Liberal-Socialist-Laborite-Home Rulists combination were returned to power Mr. Llewellyn

Griffith was made a member of the New Cabinet.

Here again he distinguished himself and forced himself to the front, and was head and shoulders above his colleagues, although in actual physical size, he was of a small frail stature. He was slightly built, with the exception of his head,—that was large enough and had the very best stuff inside. He was of poor health, but his mind was unconquerable. Whatever his faults might have been, he was an honor to his country, and was not only the most popular Welshman, but the most popular man in the whole world in his day.

That he was a bitter Non-Conformist was not strange under the circumstances and conditions of his life. Prejudice against the Holy Church of England was born in him, and was a part and parcel of his marrow bone. He was taught it from his earliest infancy. A patriot he was, pure and simple. His love for Wales and mankind is beyond the shadow of a doubt, and for these reasons his prejudice against the Church was more powerful and dangerous.

This great man was to be the speaker so as to break down the terrific influence of the mammoth petition.

Mr. Llewellyn Griffith was at his best, and he was actuated by the highest motive which can influence a good man's heart and soul,—the love for religious and civil liberty. I was present when he spoke. He was a master, yea indeed, a past master of rhetoric, and surpassed even Gladstone himself in his ability of speaking elegantly and persuasively without saying anything particular. He spoke for the Nation. His chief point was that the property was given the Church in trust for the Nation, and now the Nation was no longer in the Church, therefore the property should be taken away from the Church and placed for the

benefit of the people in schools, in colleges, in hospitals, in libraries. He made most of the period of the inactivity of the Church in Wales, he employed again the neglect of the Welsh parishes, Welsh services. He drew a vivid picture such as we read in "Dear Old Wales," common in Wales seventy-five and a hundred years ago, of the narrow-mindedness of the clergy and gentry in dealing with the Welsh. He spoke fully two hours. There was not a dull sentence in his long speech. He brought all his wonderful power to bear. He undoubtedly was moved with pure and simple enthusiasm. I knew how he felt, because one time I felt the same myself. He had his father's spirit, as gentle and pure a man as ever breathed the breath of life, his heart was full of humble godliness and guilelessness. His influence was powerful, and his speech created a furore both in the House and in the gallery.

I saw that Rowland was uneasy. I never saw him looking as he did then. His face was drawn with a set determination. His soul was whipped to the 'fray.

When the applause subsided Mr. Williams rose to speak. He was greeted with a tremendous ovation by the house, and especially by the Government supporters. This was his first appearance after his illness.

After some preliminary remarks thanking the members for their warm and appreciative reception, and stating how glad he was to be able to be present on this momentous occasion, for to his mind the question under consideration was the most momentous since the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain during the first Christian century. Then he stated what the nature of the Bill was, and there was loud and prolonged cheers from the Opposition when he

said, quietly as was his custom, "And being so I cannot support this Bill." Mr. Llewellyn Griffith was startled, and from that moment until Rowland was through speaking he never took his eyes from him; and in spite of his well trained mind and self-mastery, yet all could see that the Right Hon. Daniel Llewellyn Griffith was affected.

Then Rowland alluded to his former speeches on this question, and in a simple and frank way stated how he had changed his attitude. Every one who heard him was convinced of his sincerity, and nobleness of purpose.

He stated that like his friend and fellow countryman, the speaker who had just preceded him, he was brought up in the atmosphere antagonistic to the Church. How he had imbued the idea of his elders, and how in the little parish of Llangwenllian in North Wales, he had come in contact with the Church, and how his father and several of the villagers were driven out of the country to America through the narrow-mindedness of the Rector. How men, English speaking priests, totally unfitted, were appointed Rectors of Welsh parishes. Some of these men were most noble in their nature otherwise. He cited the case of the Rev. Cecil Sparrow as recorded in "Dear Old Wales." How he had been Rector of Llangwenllian for many years and yet during all that time he never had learnt to speak Welsh. But now he is in India as a missionary from S. John of Cowley, but before he set a foot in India he had to master the Hindu language, and he understood he was doing noble work there for the Master. If such a course had been pursued by English speaking Rectors in Welsh parishes, the condition of the Church in Wales would be vastly different from

what it was twenty and thirty years ago. And he thanked God that now the time had arrived when a priest who could not speak, read and preach in Welsh could not get a title to a Welsh parish.

Then he entered into the history of the Church in Wales, of the British Church, of the Church of England, *Anglicana Ecclesia*, and stated that it was absolutely impossible for any one to prove that the State ever had Established the Church or Endowed the Church. The Church made Great Britain what the country is to-day.

He challenged his Welsh friend to produce a single instance where the Church received endowment from the State,—outside of the small assistance called Queen Anne's bounty. And if the Church had been established, where is the Law,—the Statute?

He took up the arguments of Mr. Llewellyn Griffith one by one and pulled them to small pieces. His speech was having a tremendous effect. He was warming up to his subject in a regular Welsh way. His whole soul was aflame. He was natural; there was no borrowed rhetoric, it was rather the eloquence of the soul, and the rhetoric and logic of irresistible truth. Rowland Williams was a Welshman, was a believer in the Holy Catholic Church of the country, and he was as if fighting for the existence of the Bride of Christ to-night,—he seems to be inspired by the Holy Ghost who presided in the council of the blessed Apostles.

When Rowland finished there was hardly a dry eye in the House. He told them of the work of the Church,—of the work of the Church among the down-trodden,—such work as the work of the noble martyr Mackonochie, and others like him. He pictured the

Church a loving mother for generations to the British nation, nursing it in infancy to manhood, and from manhood to the full prime of life as at present. She was the Church of the Living God, which He purchased with His own Blood,—she was the extension of God's heart on earth.

For fully five minutes after he sat down there was a perfect hush,—a pin could be heard drop,—and then there was an awakening, and a triumphant applause,—a cheering and a scene hardly ever witnessed among the sturdy law makers in Parliament; men cheering, crying, and the men and women in the gallery adding to the solemnity of the occasion and the confusion.

Prime Minister Askitt moved an adjournment, which was carried.

The Welsh Church was saved. Rowland Williams, who when a little lad bought the first Bible for the pulpit of Horeb, Llangwenllian, the little lad who was compelled to leave home, Wales, on account of the narrow-mindedness of the English speaking Rector in a Welsh parish, he it was in the Providence of God who had learnt what the CHURCH meant, and SAVED the Church of his Country from the ravages of political Dissent, Romanism and Infidels.

Who can refuse to sing with the Rev. David Charles, Carmarthen, an Evangelical Preacher with the Methodists, but who received his Communion in the Church, once a month:—

“Rhagluniaeth fawr y nef,
Mor rhyfedd yw
Esboniad helaeth hon
O arfaeth Duw:

Mae'n gwylied llwch y llawr,
Yn trefnu llu y nef,
Cyflawna'r cwbl oll
O'i gyngor Ef.

Llywodraeth faith y byd
Sydd yn ei llaw;
Mae'n tynu yma i lawr,
Yn c'odi draw:
Trwy bob helyntoedd blin,
Terfysgoedd o bob rhyw,
Drychafu'n gysson mae
Deyrnas ein Duw.

Ei th'w'llwch dudew sydd
Yn olen gwir;
Ei d'ryswch mwyaf, mae
Yn drefn glir:
Hi ddaw a'i throion maith
Yn fuan oll i ben,
Bydd synu wrth olrhain rhai'n
Tu draw i'r llen."

GOFAL DUW.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHANGES IN LLANGWENLLIAN AND PERSONS.

The influence on the life of the Welsh Church was very great, indeed, and the leaders buckled on their armor for an earnest warfare. The size of the Dioceses they realized was too large for one man to do thorough and energetic Episcopal work, so a movement was set on foot to raise sufficient endowment for two more dioceses at least, that is two more Bishops. And soon through the help of Dr. William Morris a sufficient sum was raised to justify the consecration of two more Bishops, to be Suffragan Bishops.

When this measure was brought before Parliament, strange to say the Radicals objected to it. They thought there was no need of more Episcopal supervision, and the very men who had been decrying the neglect of the Church were the ones who now opposed this measure for greater efficiency. But the good sense of the majority saw the right and justice of the demand for two more Bishops and the request was granted.

The Rev. Father Morgan, Rector of Llangwenllian Parish, was designated Suffragan Bishop of Minevia, and in his place as Rector the Rev. Jonathan Thomas Rees, M. A., B. D., Curate of Llanllwch, was appointed by 'Squire Williams and approved of by the Bishop of the Diocese.

The joy of the parishioners of Llangwenllian knew no bounds when they learned of the appointment. There had been much sorrow at the parting with their

beloved Rector Morgan and his family, whom the people had learned to value not only as the Rector of the parish but as a friend to each individual in the parish.

Poor Sally Williams was spared this grief of parting with her parish priest, for a few weeks previous to his appointment her soul was carried to Paradise.

Thomas Jones, full of years, had also passed away. His son Tom is the proprietor of the store now, which has been enlarged, a fine building having been erected on the corner of Queens street and Cambrian place. The little country store has become a department store, and Tom has nearly one hundred and fifty clerks working for him. Ben the Bard is still alive, but chaste and ripe for the harvest.

Azaraiah William Watkins has maintained his reputation well as the village, now town, bard, for by this time he has gained fame throughout the Principality as a winner of two chairs, three crowns in the National Eisteddfodau, and innumerable prizes of medals, moneys, in smaller literary competitive meetings. He graduated from Cambridge, is now a priest,—a curate in the parish of Criccieth, North Wales,—the home of the peerless Welsh Statesman, the Right Hon. David Lloyd George.

Azaraiah speaks often of his uncle, the unique Azaraiah as described in "Dear Old Wales," and of the valuable training he received at the hands of his uncle. How different it would be if we could see the souls of men instead of the bodies,—then many of our fellow men who now appear odd would then be recognized as princes in the world of thought,—the only lasting world.

As soon as Jonathan was settled in his new parish, and in fact long before that, his mind drifted towards Llanfynydd, towards the adorable Edith Gwen Lloyd; and as the reason for the abrupt cessation of writing on both sides had been satisfactorily explained, he found no great difficulty in having an interview with Gwen. The success of the interview was witnessed a little later in his return to Llanfynydd when the most beautiful and fairest flower of the parish became the wife of the Rector of Llangwenllian.

DIOLCH IDDO.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The defeat of the Government was keenly felt, and when the news reached the people there was but one thing for the Government to do, and that was to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the people.

The Government had placed its existence on this Bill, for it was the Bribe to the Socialists, the Laborites, and the Irish Home Rulers for their aid and support against the Conservative Party; and when this Bill was so overwhelmingly defeated by aid of the Liberal Members joining the Opposition, the Free Thinkers, the Infidels and the Opportunists left it as rats desert a sinking ship, and there was no way for Prime Minister Askitt to continue in power. So Parliament was not only prorogued but DISSOLVED after only two years of existence, and an appeal to the country was made.

The only question before the People was the Disestablishment and the Disendowment of the Church of England, especially the Four Welsh Dioceses.

The Right Honourable D. Llewellyn Griffith took an active part, and travelled day and night throughout England and Wales,—speaking for the Government and urging the return of the Liberal party to power. He was for the Disestablishment and the Disendowment of the Welsh Church.

In the same Party was Rowland Williams, and he followed Mr. Llewellyn Griffith from place to place advocating the integrity of the four Welsh Dioceses

with the rest of the Sees in communion with Canterbury. He pleaded that if the Church of England desired to be relieved of State interference that she herself should be the one to decide the question; and not such infidels as Robert vonStein, Marx Ebersole and Larry DePerck. The Christian religion should be dealt with by its advocates and not by its enemies.

Many Dissenting Ministers became orators against the Church, and joined hands with avowed enemies of the Cross; and on the other hand many of the most eminent Ministers of Dissent refused to help the enemies of religion, and came boldly to the defence of the National Church. They acknowledged the awakening of the Church; and they thought it was inconsistent for ministers and professors of the Christian religion to fight the Church now that she had awakened to discharge her mission, as they had professed to oppose the Church on account of her inactivity.

A number of priests also took active part in defence of the Church.

In fact party lines, to a great extent, were obliterated, for even the Liberal party itself was evenly divided for and against the Church. The Conservative Party stood united for the integrity of the Welsh Dioceses and the Honor of the Nation.

The first election to the new Parliament was to be in the district of Crickett, the seat of the Rt. Hon. D. Llewellyn Griffiths. Against him was pitted young Viscount Conway, an ardent and devout "High Churchman," of an illustrious family, a young man of rare ability, who had made for himself quite a record as a patriotic scion of an ancient house. While Lord Conway was popular, yet he was in a district hope-

lessly Radical and overwhelmingly Protestant, with a two-thirds normal majority for the Radical party; and with such a world renowned statesman as D. Llewellyn Griffith against him it appeared that his lordship's chances of being elected were very slim indeed. But young Conway was a Welshman, and had a Welshman's heart and faith in his God and native Church. He believed that he was right, and like David of old, the giant of Gath had no horrors for him, for he came against him in the name of the Lord, whose Church Goliath had blasphemed.

Mr. Llewellyn Griffith, in full confidence of his strength, derided the inexperienced Conway, and called him the stripling of a boy, and promised to give his flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field on election day. But Conway worked hard, trusting in no personal or family influence. He refused to take refuge in worldly weapons,—the tricks of politics; but he chose for himself five smooth stones from the brook,—in other words he appealed to the complete MAN, as made up of five senses.

The election day was approaching, and the excitement was at white heat; so much depended on the first battle. But the Giant of Crickett had no fears. The only question with him and his party was how small would Conway's body be scattered to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

The weather on election day was ideal; and early in the morning crowds gathered at the polls,—and each party was determined.

The issue was clear and single: Shall the Church be Disestablished? And if so shall she be Disendowed?

The Radical party said "Yes," to both questions. The Conservative party said "No," to Disendowment, and for Disestablishment that should be left to the Church herself to decide, whether she wanted to be released of any connections which existed between her and the civil Government.

Young Conway and the Giant of Crickett mixed with the people on election day, and once they met,—each cordial to the other, for both were Welshmen, and both fought for the betterment of Wales.

The people were to decide, the people voted. The polls were closed, and it was found that young Viscount of Conway had not only a plurality, but a complete majority over the combined strength of the opposition,—the Radicals, the Socialists, the Laborites and the Home Rulers, who had centred on the return of the Giant of Crickett and worked hard for his election.

The Radical party was stunned, and bitter was the result to the enemies of the Church. Dissent was desperate and rampant, and redoubled its efforts to save other places. Carmarthen county, and the Boroughs of Carmarthen and Llanelly were the next members to be elected, and it was most important to have these three members continue in the Liberal party. But the three Conservative candidates were overwhelmingly elected; and so from one borough and shire to the other the Liberal Party in Wales was entirely wiped out. The attacks of D. Llewellyn Griffith on the Church was repudiated, while Rowland Williams was victorious from one end of the Principality to the other.

In England itself the battle went the same way. Scotland and Ireland still determined, but with considerable less majority than hitherto, against the Church of England.

When the last election was counted the Liberal Party, combined with the Socialists, Laborites and Home Rulers, had 247 members elected, while the Conservative Party had elected 423 members, or a safe majority of 176.

After the defeat of Mr. Llewellyn Griffiths in his home place he became a candidate for Mid-Lothian, Scotland, and was returned to Parliament from there.

Rowland Williams was selected by the Sovereign to form the new Cabinet. He took the office, and applied to it the well known methods he employed in his own business; and for seven years, the limit of time, the party was in power.

And at the election again the party was successful, with even a greater majority than before. The Right Honorable Rowland Williams declined the honor of being Prime Minister again, as he desired to spend the remainder of his days as a layman in the upbuilding of the Church.

The first work of the new Government was the introduction of a bill calling on the Convocations of Canterbury and York to express their desire in the matter of the connection of Church and State.

After the ancient custom of the Church the two Convocations met, and after careful consideration replied, stating that the Church desired to be relieved of any connection with the Government. Regarding endowment the Church desired to return to the State the endowment, or rather the donation, commonly known as "Queen Anne's Bounty," given to assist the poorer parishes.

The report was read in Parliament and a Bill based on the report was introduced. The question of disestablishing the Church was bitterly fought in the Com-

mons, and strange to say the very members who were in favor of Disestablishing the Church at the previous Parliament were now furiously against it. The Bill passed the three readings in the Commons and was nearly unanimously concurred in by the House of Lords. The vote in the Commons on the final passage was 499 for and 125 against.

So the Church was released of her connection with the State. She is now capable of electing her own Bishops, and regulating all her own affairs through her own councils; and she is no longer subject to the humiliating position of being ruled by Jews, Infidels, Dissenters and Erastian Churchmen.

As the time passes the re-newed Church is gaining rapidly in the affections of the people; and as a leading Non-Conformist says:—"If the Church will gain for the next fifteen years as she has gained for the last five years there will be no Non-Conformist in existence then." Thousands of Dissenters are added to the Church annually. The Evangelical Dissenters enter gladly into the fold, as they have seen their hearts' desire fulfilled in the activity of the Church in preaching the Gospel in season and out of season. The Political Dissenters are deserting their Chapels and denominations, and are being absorbed by the Atheistical Socialism and falsely so-called Labor Party.

The influence of Dissent is gone, and once more we have the Bible read in the schools; once more the fundamentals of religion and morality are taught the young minds, and once more prayer and praise are

heard within the walls of the national schools of Great Britain:—yea, once more the heart and head are co-educated.

TI, DDUW A FOLWN, TI A GYDNAYDDWN YN ARGLWYDD.



CHAPTER XXX.

DEAR OLD WALES AND DEAR OLD WELSHMEN.

Wales! What a word of magic meaning! Wales, what memories it revives! Wales! How hearts are thrilled with the mention of thy name! Wales, the brightest gem in the brightest crown of Empires! At thy white gloved hand the mightiest kingdom and empire in the world receives its King and Emperor!

Thy people are like thy precious mines! Modest and retiring are they of their worth and merit,—as thy soil, precious metal is not on the surface but in the deep.

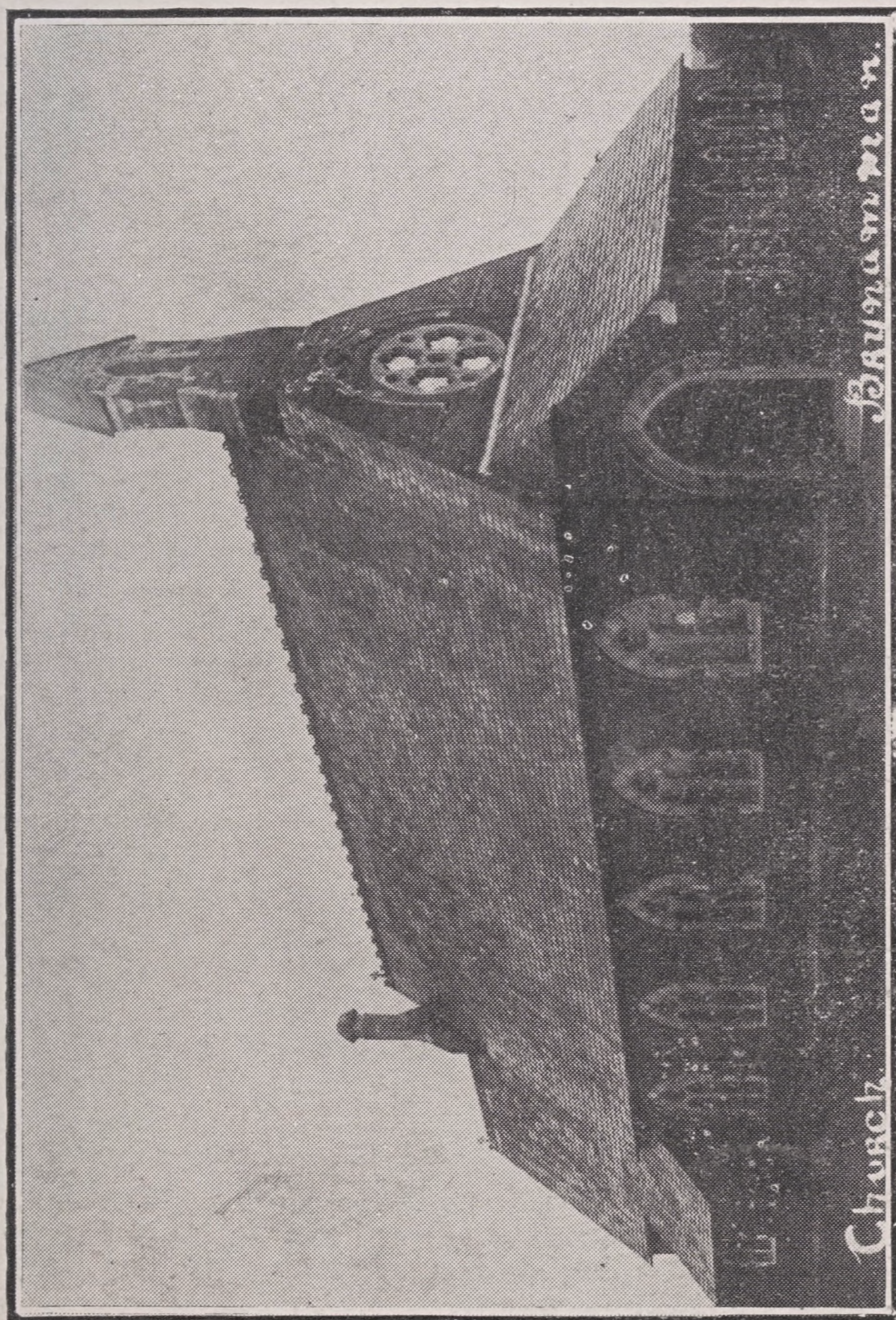
Thy vales and hills, thy rocks and rills are covered with crowns of glory! Thy hedges are like chains of gold adorning thy neck, and thy trees are yielding fruit for the use of man and beast! Thou art indeed a fair garden of the Lord of Hosts!

For two hundred years thou hast been a struggling place of light and darkness; and during that time God has raised up many prophets in thy Israel! Peter Williams, yr Esboniwr; Williams, the Sweet Singer of Pantycelyn; Williams y Wern; the Rees's and the Thomas's; the great S. R., and J. R., of Llanbrynmair; Islwyn, Estyn, Llawdden; Charles's; Leurwg; Michael D. Jones, Hwfa Mon; Latimer Jones, Hopcyn, and hosts of other men and women in the Church and in Dissent. They were great men and prophets,—Welshmen and Christian Champions true to the core.

Even during the gloomiest days of the Church God raised up mighty priests and prophets and teachers.

The Mission of Dissent was apparent; it was an instrument in the hand of God to chastise his neglectful Church in the Island. The chastening continued long, but at last the Church responded, she repented in sackcloth and ashes, and is now and has been for years doing splendid work. But Dissent once entered hated to retire, and its evangelical preachers,—the John Elias's and the Christmas Evans's, were exchanged for different type of men, for political preachers, tyrannical in their mission of creating discord between Christian and Christian, to emphasize class distinction and to sow the seed of discontentedness. Happily, the day of Dissent is passing away, their day of doom has come. And thousands upon thousands of God fearing, single hearted Non-Conformists are leaving Dissent every year for the true Church of God in Britain.

In the Church of England herself two parties have been warring,—on the one hand the Catholic, God fearing communicants, who are filled with love and loyalty to the Master; and on the other hand the Erastians with the love of this world uppermost in their minds. As the Church advances and reaches forward to conquest after conquest the Erastians are driven away, and the Catholic party is gaining both from the rank of the Erastian and Dissenting parties,—coming back to their Mother's Home. And from Llangwenllian in the north to the very extreme southern parish is seen the evidence of new life born of true love, and the Church, as a giant awaking out of sleep, is permeating Wales with the spirit of the saints, and Wales is taking her place among the great nations



THE CHURCH OF BRYNAMMAN BUILT BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MORLA'S JONES D. D.
ONCE A FAMOUS NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, WHO BECAME THE FIRST VICAR.

of the world as an exponent of true Liberty, Freedom and Progress, in religious and civil economy. And thus goes on the Army of the Lord from strength to strength, from victory to victory, and the Reclamation of Wales is becoming more and more complete every day.

DUW SYDD.



CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE GLOAMING LOOKING FORWARD.

Rowland Williams is getting on in years,—his hair is as white as the driven snow, and the troubles and cares and the burdens of life begin to show in his drooping shoulders. His last years he devotes entirely to the Church.

Megan has taken the veil. She is the Rev. Mother Superior in S. Gwenllian Convent, working in the midst of the great mart of commerce which has sprung up around her home, as the mines and quarries have been developed. The Convent is in the parish and under the control of the Rector of Llangwenllian. Glyndwr is a priest, and is in the Order of S. John the Evangelist, of Cowley. At present he is in the United States and Canada conducting retreats and missions.

Gladys, the beloved wife of Rowland Williams, and the beloved friend of all who knew her, has gone to her great reward. She passed away peacefully into Paradise a few weeks after her son was ordained a Priest in the Church of the Living God,—she was full of joy and hope, and she passed away as she was singing in low melody the beautiful words:

“I love the Church, the Holy Church,
The Saviour’s spotless Bride;
And O, I love her palaces,
Through all the world so wide.

The cross-topped spire amid the trees,
The holy bell of prayer,
The music of our Mother's voice,
Our Mother's home is there.

Unbroken is her lineage,
Her warrants clear as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high,
And give good gifts to men.

Here clothed in innocence they stand,
Thine holy orders three,
To rule and feed Thy flock, O Christ,
And ever watch for Thee.

I love the Church—the Holy Church—
That o'er our lives presides—
The birth, the bridal and the grave,
And many an hour besides.

Be mine through life to live in her,
And when the Lord shall call,
To die in her, the Spouse of Christ,
The Mother of us all."

Rowland and myself are often together, and sweet indeed are our communings. We look back to the time of our youth, and then on the way we so long have travelled together, and we think of those dear hearts who travelled with us, but who are with us no more, and then we look forward to a little distance in the road and we have a glimpse of the waters of Jordan, and we see in the mist the boatman pale crossing in his boat with some friend and companion of

our own, and we hear the dip of the golden oar as he reaches the shore. We long to hear him call us, for we fear not; we long to cross to the other side to be with those whom we loved on earth, to see our Elder Brother. And Rowland longs to meet his beloved Gladys, and I to meet my beloved wife who passed over the dark river some five years ago. Ah, we see the bright and beautiful vision of Paradise, and we thank God from our hearts that He gave us the unspeakable privilege of having a share in

THE RECLAMATION OF WALES.

Y DIWEDD YMA AR Y DDAEAR.



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(With humble apologies from the Author for any inability of the Head to properly translate the Heart.)

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